UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

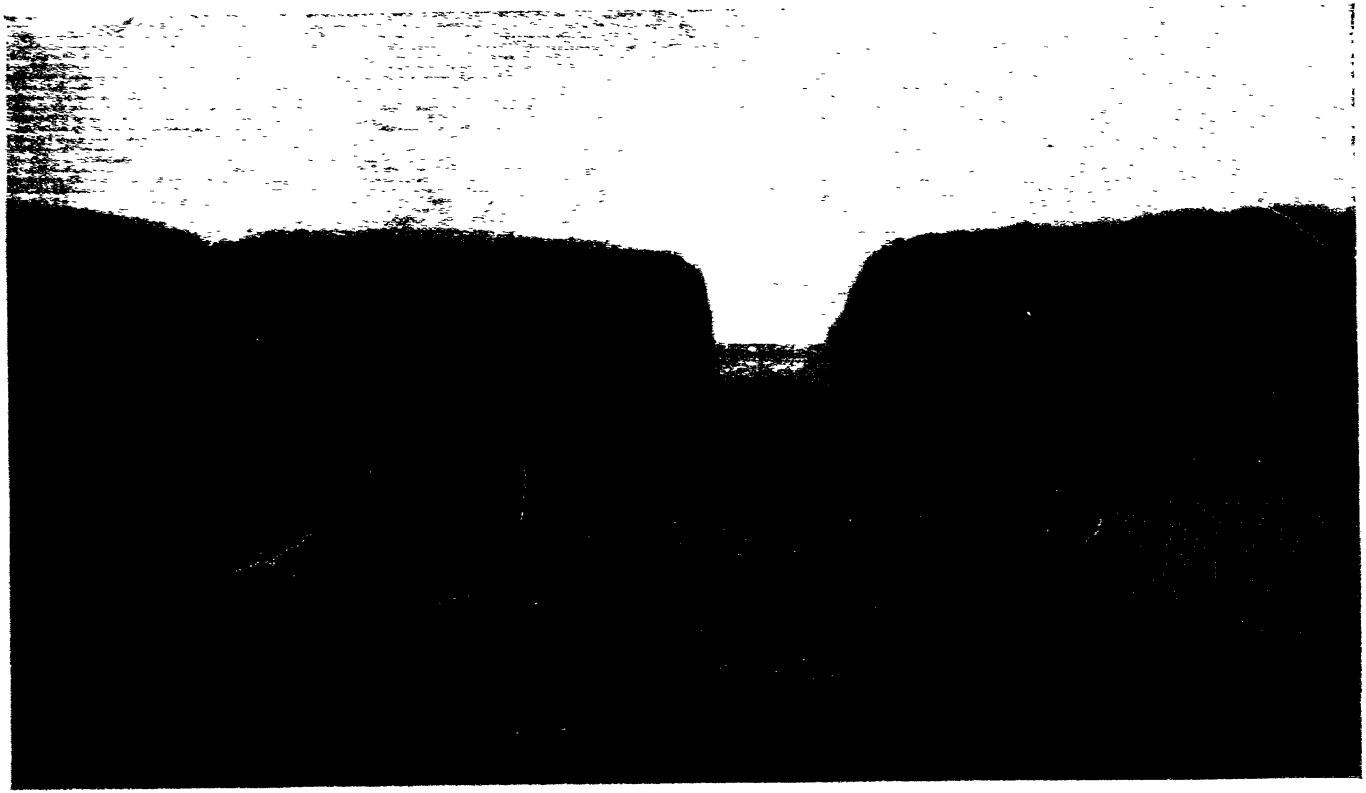
141 155

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

"Plant there some box or pine,
Something that grows in winter,
And call it mine."

BOXWOOD GARDENS

Old and New



Courtesy of Lakes River Garden Club

"Castle Hill"

Double Box Hedges at Foot of Lawn, Running from Eighteen to Twenty-six Feet in Height. Painted by Pierre Troubetzkoy

BOXWOOD GARDENS

Old and New

By ALBERT ADDISON LEWIS



THE WILLIAM BYRD PRESS, INC.
Printers and Publishers, Richmond, Va.

COPYRIGHT 1924
BY
ALBERT ADDISON LEWIS

FOREWORD

MR. LEWIS has rendered American gardens a unique service. Moved by a love of Boxwood and by a consciousness of its historical and traditional background, he has rescued thousands of priceless and beautiful specimens from oblivion in weed-grown, abandoned gardens and transplanted them to happier settings where they will be nurtured and cherished and appreciated for another century. All Americans who have any reverence or feeling for the adventurous and colorful Colonial days owe him a debt of gratitude for his work in preserving the Boxwood which our forefathers loved so well.

It was difficult to compile this book, however, for though there has been Boxwood back to Bible days and before, the information about it is obscure and scattered. This book attempts to gather all that is known of this old and beautiful plant between two covers.

Thanks are due to the James River Garden Club, who have been kind enough to allow the use of many illustrations from their beautiful book, "Historic Gardens of Virginia," edited by Edith Tunis Sale. We are indebted to this book also for much unusual historical data which would otherwise not have been available. Neither must we neglect many country-estate owners who have appreciated Boxwood and who have permitted us to use photographs of their plantings.

Then a word of gratitude should go to the many splendid men who are endeavoring to make American landscape architecture a beautiful and perfect art. There are James L. Greenleaf, Olmstead Bros., Thomas Hastings, Vitale, Brinckerhoff and Geiffert, and Jacques Greber of Paris—all have used Boxwood extensively in their efforts to produce gardens that typify the best in American spirit and tradition.

Old Boxwood is an American heritage, and specimens should be collected and cherished like so much rare old furniture, historical silver, or any other museum piece. It is the most beautiful and permanent garden inheritance in this country.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword	7
Introduction	13
Mount Vernon	15
Mary Washington's Garden	25
The Box at the Birthplace of Robert E. Lee	29
Williamsville and Its Garden	32
Westover the Beautiful	35
Lower Brandon	43
The Labyrinth at Upper Brandon	48
Shirley	53
The Old Mansion at Claremont	57
Patrick Henry's Last Garden	60
The Pleasaunce at Hickory Hill	64
Tuckahoe	71
Elk Hill	78
Hampstead	84
Dolly Madison's Boxwood	88
The Famous Avenel Garden	90
Horseshoe	92
The Hedges at Castle Hill	96
Redlands of the Carters	98
Farmington	100
Ridgeway	102
The Oaks	104
Chatmoss	106
Oak Hill and Its Garden	110
Barbara Frietchie's Boxwood	114
The Bonaparte Boxwood Hedge	118
The Old Romans and Their Buxus	124
Box Hedges of Old Monks	134
Boxwood in Spanish Gardens	142
The Use of Boxwood in the Italian Garden	152
The Gardens of France	160
Boxwood in the Gardens of England	166
The Spicy Box that Marks the Garden Row	176
Rules Old and New for the Care of Boxwood	184
Bibliography	191

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Frontispiece—"Castle Hill" 4
Mount Vernon—The Home of George Washington 17
Air View of Mount Vernon on the Potomac 18
Formal Garden at Mount Vernon 20
Mount Vernon Garden Showing High Box Hedge 20
The Box Garden at Mount Vernon 21
Mount Vernon 23
Boxwood Garden of Jacob Ruppert, Eagle's Rest, Garrison, N. Y. . . . 24
The Garden of Mary Washington 26
A Planting of Fine Old Boxwood at Entrance to Colonial Home 28
The Garden at Stratford House 30
Planting of Old Boxwood on an Estate at Wilmington, Del. 31
An Arch of Boxwood at Williamsville 33
Entrance Gates at Gunston Hall 33
Garden Walk at Westover 34
A Gateway at Westover 36
Original Box Garden at Westover 38
Westover 40
Planting of Old Boxwood on an Estate in Virginia 42
June in the Garden at Brandon 44
Old Garden at Brandon 45
Serpentine Box Garden at Upper Brandon 47
The Garden at Upper Brandon 49
Special Apparatus for Transplanting Large Boxwood 51
Original Box Garden at Shirley 52
A Garden Walk at Shirley 54
Planting of Old Boxwood near a Stone Residence 56
Entrance to the Old Mansion at Claremont 58
Red Hill, the Home of Patrick Henry 59
Boxwood at Red Hill 61
Box Walk at Hickory Hill 63
Formal Garden at Hickory Hill 65
Box Trees Shading the Lowest Fall at Hickory Hill 67
Boxwood Specimen Effectively Planted 69
The Box Maze at Tuckahoe 70
The Tuckahoe Garden in June 72

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
Plan of the Tuckahoe Garden	74
Boxwood on J Swan Frick Estate	76
Box Trees at Elk Hill in Winter	77
Sempervirens Boxwood at Elk Hill	79
Box Trees and Terraced Gardens at Elk Hill	81
Hampstead	83
Elevation of Hampstead	85
The Garden at Montpelier	87
Diagram of the Garden at Avenel	89
Perennial Garden at Horseshoe	91
The Box which Dominates the Garden at Horseshoe	93
Tree Box at Castle Hill	95
The Garden at Redlands	97
Box Garden at Farmington	99
Ridgeway	103
Old Box Garden of the Oaks	105
A Corner of the Formal Garden at Chatmoss	107
Boxwood Planted at Chatmoss	107
Oak Hill	109
A Garden Walk at Oak Hill	111
Box Hedges at Oak Hill	111
Box Garden at Farmington	113
Sweet Briar Garden	113
The Bonaparte Hedge on the Stotesbury Estate	115
The Garden of Mrs. E. F. Luckenbach	117
The Louis Tiffany Hedge	119
The Charles M. Schwab Garden	121
The Charles M Schwab Garden	125
The W. R. Coe Garden	127
Planting at the Estate of Eugene Meyer	129
Large Box Give Formal Garden Height, Character and Age	131
The Estate of George D. Pratt	133
Boxwood and Roses in a Walled Garden	135
The Bradley Martin Garden	137
Special Machinery Necessary for Transplanting Large Boxwood	139
The Victor Morowitz Estate	141
Boxwood Garden in French Style	143
A James L. Greenleaf Garden	145
The Francis R. Mayer Estate	147
The Alfred I DuPont Estate	149
The Frank Henderson Garden	151

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
Martin Hall, Dr. P. P Satterwhite's Estate	153
A Lovely Italian Parterre	155
A Rich Corner on the Luckenbach Estate	157
Steps on the George D Pratt Estate	159
The Estate of G. Hermann Kinnicut	161
A Symmetrical Planting of Boxwood	163
The Edward F Hutton Garden	165
The Country Home of Charles E Pettinos	167
The Estate of Harry Croft	169
The Estate of Harry Croft	171
A Hedge at Belle Meade, Virginia	173
A Hedge on the Estate of Capt F R. Mayer	175
The Estate of George Leonard	177
Boxwood being moved by Lewis and Valentine Co.	179
Boxwood Used With English Style House	181
The Edgar F. Luckenbach Garden	183
The Pierre S DuPont Estate	185
The J. Swan Frick Estate	187
The Frank C B. Page Residence	188
Large Boxwood Hedge Growing near Philadelphia	189
Large Boxwood Hedge Growing near Baltimore	190

Note. The Boxwood in the modern pictures was transplanted by Lewis and Valentine, Roslyn, L I

INTRODUCTION

THE very name of this book—Boxwood Gardens, Old and New—is entrancing. Old Box holds the charm of romantic environment and new Box brings the promise of romance to come.

Gardens enriched with this aristocratic shrub carry memory back over hundreds of years to the age that its first shoot was firmly rooted in the heart of the human family; the age of crusading knights and warriors bold; of despotic kings and haughty queens who held no garden to be complete without rare hedges or topiary box.

Many garden lovers have with knowledge and skill told the stories of the world's best gardens; but to Mr. Lewis has been left the important task of writing the story of Boxwood alone. Beyond its historical interest, his book is offered with the hope that the comparison of the old with the new box gardens may be of real practical assistance. Many of the illustrations present examples of successful results obtained by moving to new and more congenial surroundings old Boxwood which, regardless of inattention and neglect, has survived the holocaust of time to transfuse into its latter day resting place its early romantic charm.

An immense wave of interest in Boxwood is now sweeping over America where only a few years ago seemed to be complete indifference and neglect. The Boxwood Epic that is here told in text and illustrations—an epic which in lore and legend is more inspiring to garden lovers than that of any other shrub or tree or flower—shows how tangible is the fascination for the invincible green of this shrub.

It is satisfying, thinking of Box gardens, that the old gardens of Rome, the gardens of Italy, are brought before one in these pages; that the Box hedges of the old Monks, the parterres of Spain and France, the best of the English and other Old World

gardens, the most interesting American gardens, are brought before us in all the witchery of their fragrance.

Mr. Lewis in his zest for the true story of Boxwood takes us into major gardens only, those most beautiful among the old and the important ones that are new; with great sympathy he compares them as a study. But these far scattered gardens are inaccessible to the average traveler or reader and the existence of many of them is known only to a few enthusiasts. No attempt has hitherto been made to gather them all into one volume with the purpose of giving a picture as interesting to the landscape gardener as to the dreamiest romanticist. This tremendous task has necessitated much traveling and careful research and the author has spared no pains to authenticate what he writes.

Notwithstanding the lamentable destruction of many fine old Southern gardens, America is still rich in its possession of priceless Box, in gardens which, in this Renaissance of Boxwood, are being hunted out day after day for all of their early romance and much of their former charm.

Through the pages of this book, the author makes it possible for us to find both the romance and charm, to forget the present and live over again the precious days of long ago when lords and ladies reigned supreme, when duels were fought in the name of honour and trysts were kept in the cause of love, when some hearts were broken and some hearts were healed in the moon-dappled shadows of Boxwood tunnels.

EDITH TUNIS SALE.

MOUNT VERNON

GEORGE WASHINGTON! One thinks of a stern, tremendous man proudly erect on a restive, white stallion, commanding and superior. But George Washington's garden at Mount Vernon makes us know that like all of the early Americans this aristocrat had a gentler side, a beauty-loving soul that found content and rest in planting the hedge rows of his garden after directing the destinies of the nation.

George Washington was in truth a superman. Whatever he did, was done exceedingly well. And that garden at Mount Vernon which he designed and supervised still stands supreme in landscaping after a hundred and fifty years. It has become a shrine to which thousands of Americans travel every year. Yet all these trampling tourists cannot disturb its dignity and serenity, so magnificently was it planned.

George Washington was only twenty when he laid out that garden, a sun-burned, alert young man with brown hair. He had been a surveyor and his first step was to make careful maps and drawings for his servants, white and colored, to follow. They exist today, painstaking and detailed and absolutely accurate. The plan was an elaborate one, for Washington was an aristocrat who wanted the best of everything. Much of the luxuriant Boxwood for which the garden is famous was brought from England, as were hangings, silver, glass, and furniture for the mansion.

Buying was no simple matter then, for everything was done by barter. Washington considered tobacco an injurious crop, but as it was most convenient for trade he devoted a section of his huge plantation to its cultivation. His mail orders, some of which are still in existence, were most meticulous and definite and often contained as many as two hundred articles, ranging from tools to statuary or gowns for Martha Washington. Here is one precise direction:

"1 fine bed coverlid to match the curtains.
4 chair bottoms of the same; that is, as much covering suited to the above furniture as will go over the seats of 4 chairs (which I have by me) in order to make the whole furniture of this room uniformly handsome and genteel."

Old chintzes where Washington's love of gardens shows in the faded floral designs are still hanging in that beautiful home. There are some hand-blocked wallpapers, too, quaint and dainty which Washington ordered from London and which tradition says he and Martha and General LaFayette hung one day in preparation for a ball. The ideal gentleman of the early days was a versatile man who could do all things well. Thomas Jefferson, Washington's good friend, was of the same diverse capability, and like Washington, he too loved Nature, indoors in decorations, and outdoors in the garden. They exchanged gifts of trees, Boxwood slips, and bulbs, so that now Monticello and Mount Vernon bloom with sister loveliness.

Washington describes his home-site at Mount Vernon as:

"A high healthy country, in a latitude between the extreme of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world, a river well-stocked with various kinds of fish, at all seasons of the year, and in the spring the shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in abundance. The borders of the estate are washed for more than ten miles by tidewater, several valuable fisheries appertaining to it, the whole shore, in fact, one entire fishery."

Lila L. Williams writes of Mount Vernon in "Historic Gardens of Virginia":

"The estate of Hunting Creek, situated on the Potomac River between Doque Creek and Little Hunting Creek, was an original grant by Lord Culpeper in 1674, to John Washington, and was left in 1743 to Lawrence Washington by his father, Augustine Washington, son of John.

"On the brow of the gentle slope, which ended at a thickly



Country Life Print

From an Old Print



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Air View of Mount Vernon on the Potomac

wooded precipitous river bank, Lawrence built his mansion. This is the nucleus of the present group of buildings. Before it swept the Potomac in a magnificent curve, its broad bosom thronged with graceful gull, wild duck, and other water fowl, while beyond the river lay the green fields and shadowy forests of Maryland. This house he called Mount Vernon, in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington had served in the expedition against Cartagena in South America.

"Lawrence died in 1752, and left Mount Vernon to his little daughter, Sarah, with the proviso in case of her death that it should go to his half-brother, George, to whom he was tenderly attached. Sarah soon passed on—and so George Washington came into possession of this beautiful tract of 2,500 acres. James McIntosh said of his visit to Mount Vernon:

" 'The Combination of what is grandest in nature with whatever is pure and sublime in human conduct affects me more powerfully than any scene I have ever seen.' "

The landscaping was divided by Washington into two parts. First was the undulating lawn, broad in sloping, that rolled away from the flagstones of the verandah down to the winding Potomac. The lawn was unbroken and sweeping, but there were summer houses along the river where one might rest and meditate. One of the coolest of these, well-shaded, had beneath it a well where the practical owner kept meat, butter and vegetables. Cattle grazed on the outskirts of the lawn, but were kept away from it by an old wall, cleverly hidden. Then there was the deer paddock and a wooded path that led to the family burial ground. The trees which Washington planted were of all varieties, for he believed in experimenting with many types. On the lawn too was a sundial on a simple standard, placed correctly to give infallible time, you may be sure, by Washington, the surveyor.

But the garden, the second part of the landscaping, lay at the back of the house, where it might be enjoyed in more intimate



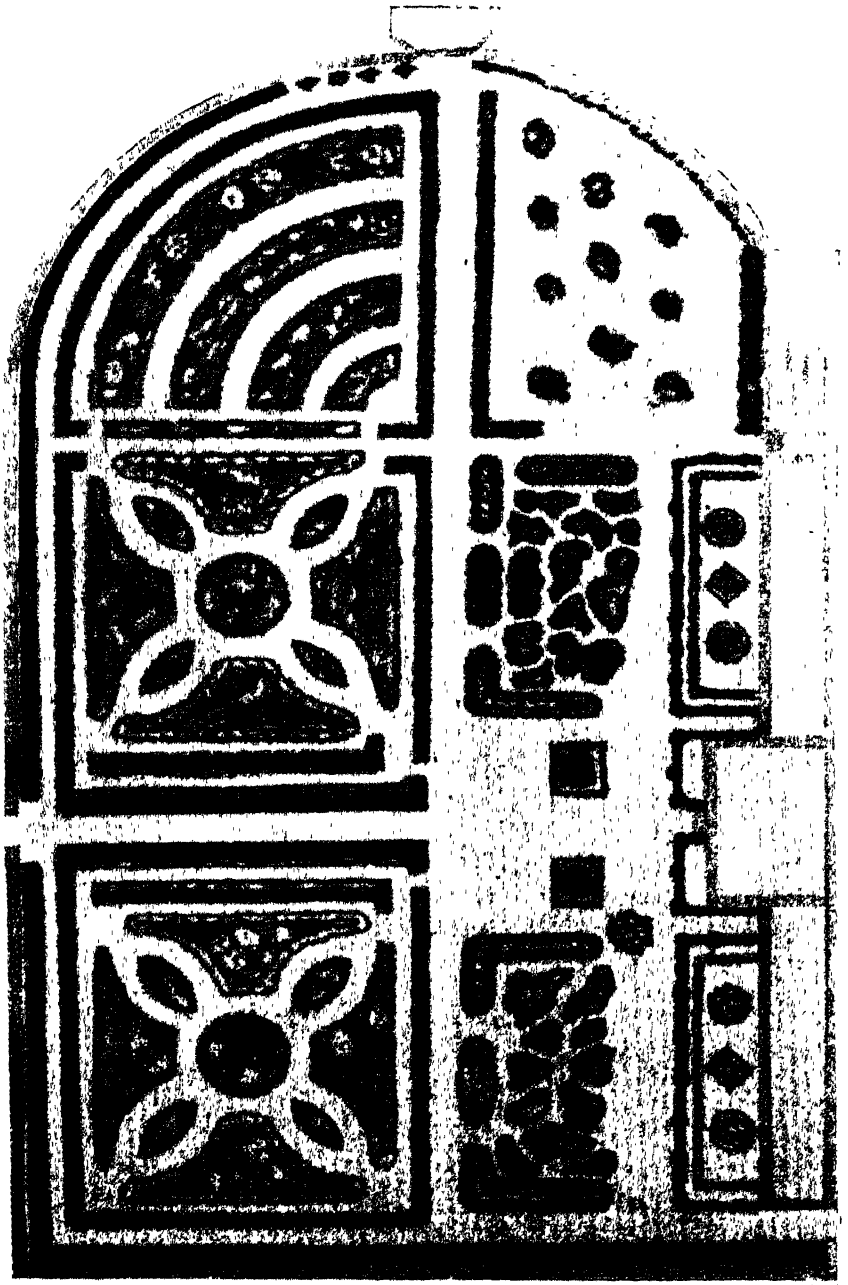
Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Formal Garden at Mount Vernon



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Mount Vernon Garden, Showing High Box Hedge



Lila L. Williams

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

The Box Garden at Mount Vernon
The Garden of Mary and George Washington

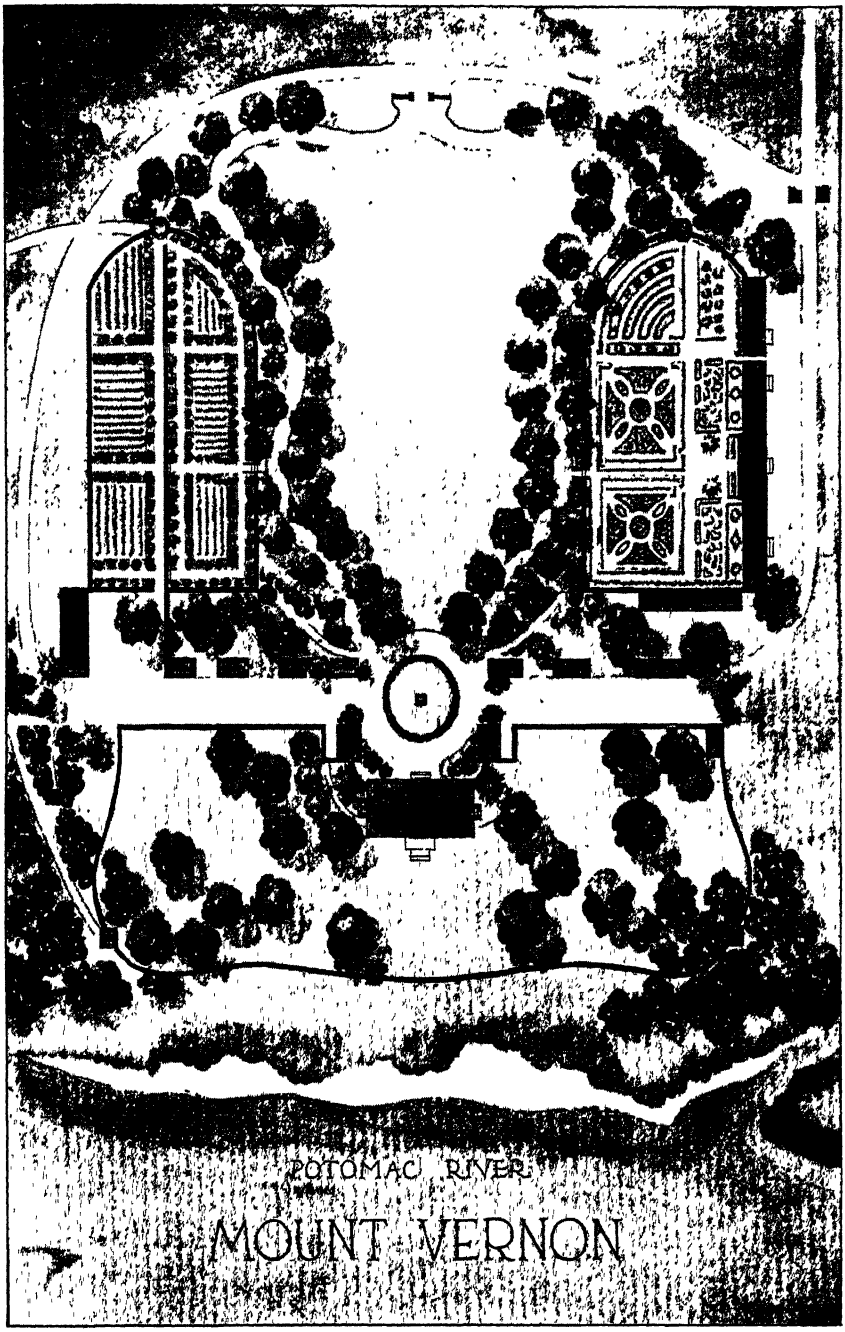
moments. It lay in two perfectly balanced plots, between which circled a tree-shaded drive around the old bowling green and "pleasure ground." There were the usual outbuildings, kitchen, barns, office, gardener's house, carpenter shop, school house, spinning room and so on. There was even a seed house where Washington experimented with the latest developments of English horticulturists.

The vegetable gardens was in terraces with fig trees and grape-arbors and great rich Bush Box at the entrance.

But it is in the wonderful flower garden that the Box is at its best, great billowy masses of it, long, undulating, fragrant sweeps of that deep, green verdure that the Colonists loved so well. It is in all shapes, for the flower beds were laid out in intricate patterns like the parterres of English gardens—"squares, circles, hearts, moons, lonzenges, double circles."

The head gardener responsible for the care of this magnificent Box was in 1787 a man named Baxter. He was a very good gardener, but legend says he drank too freely in the little white house where he lived by the garden. Washington, however, made an agreement with him, a bond formally drawn up to the effect that he would "give certain money and clothes to Baxter in the course of the next year" if Baxter would do certain daily work, and permitting him to be drunk just four days and four nights at Christmas, two at Easter, and two at Whitsuntide. And so truly had Washington judged his man that this strange contract was effective, and it is to the care of old Baxter during his sober days that we owe much of the glory of the Mount Vernon garden as it is.

It is these lovely paths, pungent with their Box-borders and sweet-smelling flowers that help us to reconstruct the Father of our country, and to see him strolling placidly with Martha Washington in the peace of that garden, with their dogs, "True Love," "Sweet Lips," "Mopsy," "Music," and "Rover" romping behind them.



Lila L. Williams

Courtesy of James River Garden Club



Boxwood Garden of Jacob Ruppert, Eagle's Rest, Carrison, N. Y.

MARY WASHINGTON'S GARDEN

THERE is standing in Fredericksburg a long low cottage where Mary Washington lived through the anxious days of the War of Independence. It has a pleasant little garden, where such variety of old perennials are blooming that we know that Mary Washington loved this place and devoted tender care to it. There is a brick path of warm red leading down an aisle of rugged Boxwood, which Mary Washington brought with her from the farm on the Rappahannock River where George Washington was a lad, and where, one time, he cut down a certain cherry tree.

The family had lived there until Washington, about to set out for Bunker Hill, persuaded his mother to move into Fredericksburg where couriers would gallop through with news of victory or defeat. Through those trying years the staunch-hearted mother of the Commander-in-Chief drew comfort and repose from that tiny garden, working there early and late, listening always for the sound of the hoof-beats which meant news of her son.

When the war was over, George Washington came to Fredericksburg and his mother met him lovingly on the worn brick path by the old Box bushes. She made nothing of his laurels and renown. She wanted no reflected glory. He was simply her son and he had done his duty well. It was on this visit that Washington set out thirteen horse-chestnut trees along the walk, one for each of the new states. He had his mother's love of growing things.

In 1784 LaFayette went to Fredericksburg for the sole purpose of paying his respects to Madame Washington. He found her in a short linsey dress and a broad hat raking leaves in her beloved garden. He said later: "I have seen the only Roman mother living at this day."

It is fitting that the Boxwood, which Mary Washington loved

38202



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

The Garden of Mary Washington.

too much to leave behind her, still grows, a living memorial to the woman whose son we call the Father of his Country. It is interesting to know that many years afterwards when a grateful nation came to rear a memorial to another honored son, Abraham Lincoln, they planted old Boxwood before the marble columns of his shrine.



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

A planting of fine old Boxwood at the entrance to a home in the Colonial style.

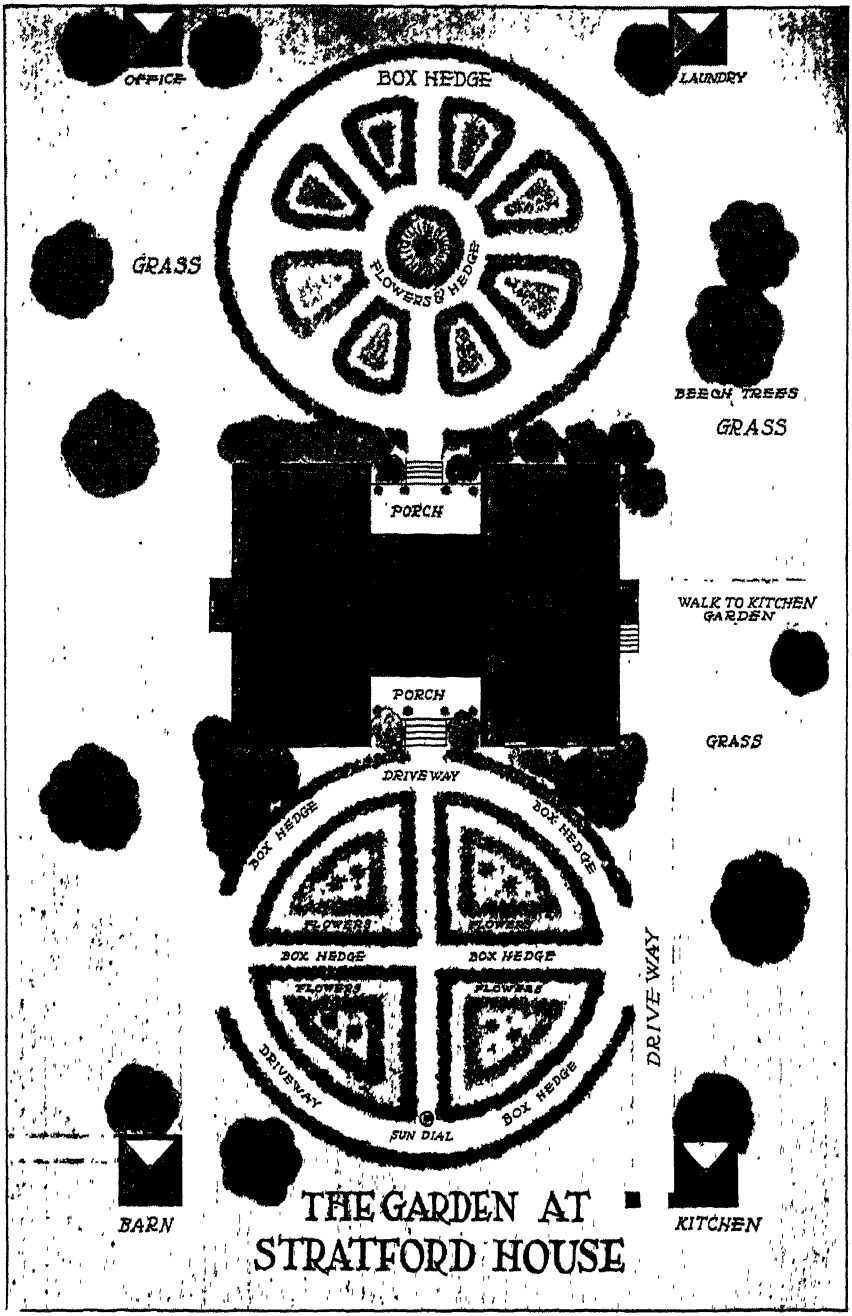
THE BOX AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF R. E. LEE

STRATFORD HOUSE was built in 1640 on a high bluff overlooking the Potomac. Richard Lee, of England, founder of that family of brilliant Americans, patented the land and built the original house which was destroyed by fire. About 1725 the present mansion was built as the gift of Queen Caroline, "a bountiful present out of her own Privy Purse." In it, years later, Robert E. Lee was born.

Stratford House was built of glazed brick and massive rough-hewn timbers, solid and strong. It reared its noble walls amidst a beautifully symmetrical garden, cut from the dark mystery of surrounding forests. That sun-drenched garden with its harmonious oval plots and graceful paths leading to a slender sundial must have been a very oasis of peace, a beloved bit of England, for its first owners in the harassed days of Indian fighting, when the woods about were unexplored and trackless. The Lees were evidently prepared for trouble, for Stratford House was fitted with a secret room, which must have been used, since candle grease and traces of ink have been found on the floor.

Perhaps it was in very contrast to the wilderness and lurking danger about, that Richard Lee laid out his garden with such refinement of regularity and design. The patterns of the shapely beds and drives were marked by Box, best-beloved of the colonists, brought from the home gardens in the mother country. There was a Box maze, intricate and fascinating, and high enough so that later Robert E. Lee and his young friends played many a game of hide-and-seek about it.

Here in the perfumed privacy of beautiful Box-edged winding paths, the handsome little boy walked daily with his invalid mother, talking solemnly with her of the Lee ideals of right and duty and chivalry. Here his daily association was the atmosphere of quality, of culture, of nobility which that beautiful garden expressed and typified, and breathed into his life.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Redrawn from the Original Plan of R. C. Thurston by Lila L. Williams



WILLIAMSVILLE AND ITS GARDEN

JUST fourteen miles from Richmond, there stands a gallant old homestead named Williamsville, surrounded by a garden that has flourished since Colonial days. That venerable garden, shaggy with ancient Boxwood, has played its part in our national history.

Its first owner was William Pollard, a fiery Revolutionist, who drew up documents for Hanover County in 1774, instructing Patrick Henry to vote for the independence of the Colonies. A section from these defiant resolutions reads: "We are free men; we have a right to be so. Let it suffice to say once for all, we will never be taxed but by our own representatives."

As soon as the war was over, William Pollard, called "Billy Particular" because he was so good a manager, bent his energies to building beautiful Williamsville, and laying out its acre of garden, its rolling lawns, its gravelled Boxwood walkways. Here gathered other Revolutionists and statesmen of those thrilling early days to talk over policies and to discuss the many problems of the infant nation. One can picture them after a long conference in the panelled drawing-room at Williamsville, going out into the cool of the garden, strolling gravely along those famous Box alleys to rest in one of the white-columned summer-houses.

Later in the sad days of the Civil War, General Hancock was forced to seize Williamsville in his advance against the South. It was cruel to see the business of war disrupting that peaceful spot, earthworks thrown up hastily on the rose beds and tulip borders, and passageways gouged through those perfect Boxwood borders, cherished by the Pollard family through generations as the glory of the garden.

Now little remains of the ravages of the war. Time has healed the scars, and serenity pervades the paths again. And still the rugged Box grows strong and everlastingly, the soldier passageways grown into arches of rare beauty.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

An Arch of Boxwood at Williamsville



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Entrance Gates at Gunston Hall



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Garden Walk at Westover

WESTOVER THE BEAUTIFUL



N the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah which describes the wonderful heritage destined to the children of the Lord there is a verse which says: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the Box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious."

The colonists were almost invariably devout. Those hardy pioneers needed all the fortitude of religion to steel them into leaving the gentle hedge-rows of England, tossing for weeks on the wind-swept Atlantic, to face at last the forces of the forest and the treacherous Indians. I wonder if they did not cling to that comforting promise of the old prophet, who more than six thousand years ago assured them that all beauty should shelter them. Truly they must have cherished the venerable Box as did Isaiah, for it was planted in every Virginia garden, an almost sacred border, whose green and pleasant solidness stood, a barrier of blessing, between their lives and the lowering woods without.

Westover, one of the earliest plantations in America, and one of the loveliest, was cleared from the wilderness and set about with Box somewhere between 1688 and 1735 by William Byrd and his son. These were the first of that aristocratic and brilliant family, to which belonged the Virginian Samuel Pepys, William Byrd, who chronicled his travels and visits throughout the State. His quaint reminiscences help more than almost any contemporary book to reconstruct the cordial life of that day.

Everything about Westover was bountiful, and its prevailing color scheme, the mellow rose of faded bricks and the gleaming shimmer of the Boxwood, is unutterably lovely. The house, a spacious Georgian masterpiece, was built of bricks fired in home-made kilns, which had a glowing warmth of color no modern brick



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

A Gateway at Westover

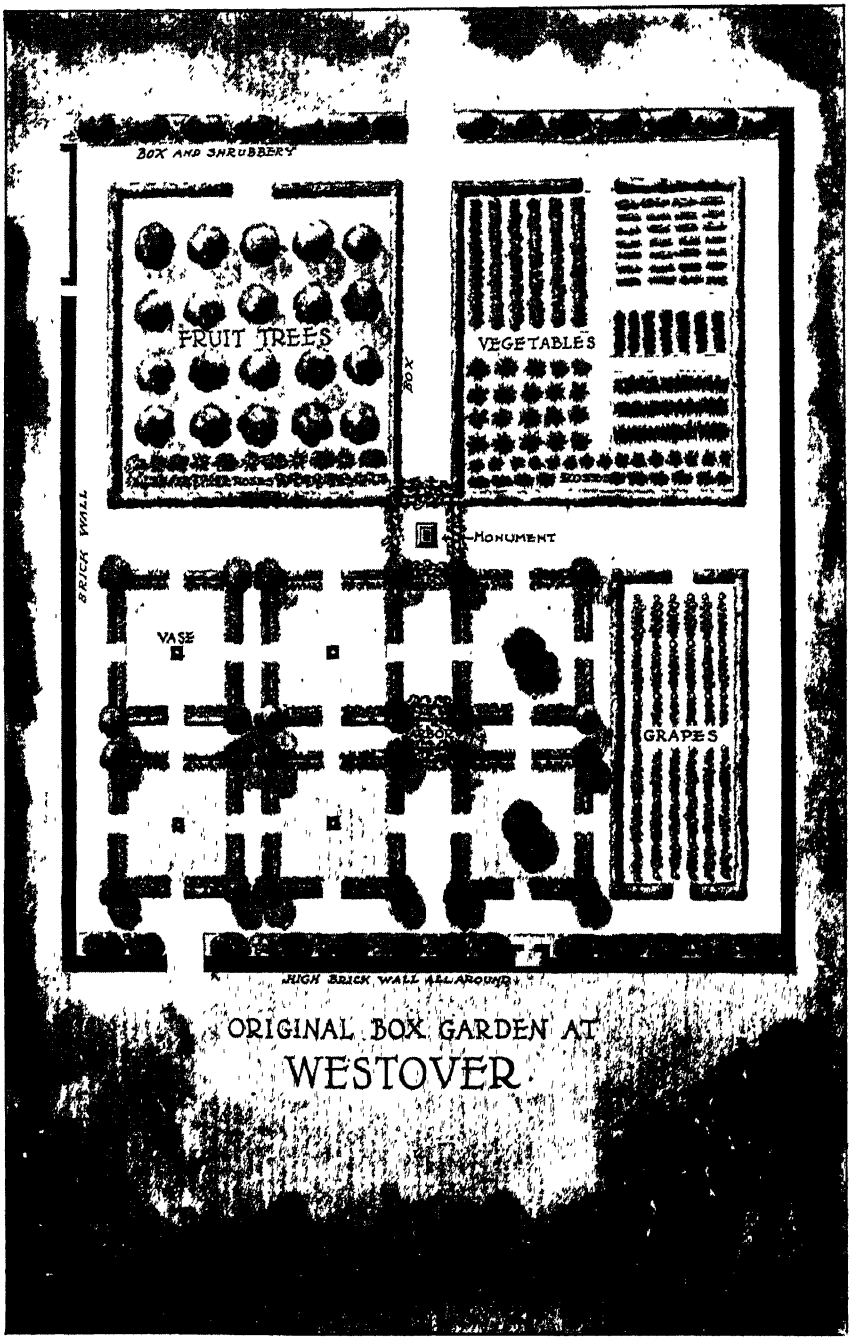
can rival. This same soft tone was carried out in the long wall which shut in the garden-side from the house to the James River. Then there were brick entrance posts supporting iron gates of magnificent grill work with the monogram of the Byrds, topped by two proud eagles, symbols so expressive of the spirit of America that they were used even long before the days of Independence.

Against the mild ruddiness of the house and walls stood the dark verdure of the abundant Box, in long clipped lines or in great clumps. Curved and perfectly proportioned hedges of dwarf Box followed the winding paths, laid of the same old brick, which led about the estate.

It must have been truly a sanctuary, this Box-fragrant enclosure in the midst of the woods. Even when swarthy Indians, stealthy and mystericus, came up those paths to barter, guttural and stern, the garden with its orderly, firm-set hedges and borders must have seemed secure and established. And when hardy frontiersmen on their way into the fastnesses lingered in the hospitable friendliness of Westover, they must have dreaded to leave that repose and protection for the unknown chance ahead.

Then came easier days for Westover, when the frontier was more settled. Those were the hey-days, when many a coach and six with servants and outriders clattered through the noble entrance-ways and up the Box-hedged drive to the wide door of the mansion. The pinnace of a neighbor would carry a group of guests up the James to the landing at the foot of the garden. Each sloop that plied the river would bring some new arrivals from a distant plantation.

It was a brave scene, with the gentle folk streaming up the brick path of the garden between the green Box rows in their silks and satins, their plumes and fluttering fans, their gay waistcoats and powdered wigs. That Boxwood, brought perchance from some formal English garden, was the fitting frame for the stately courtesy of low bows and graceful offers of jewelled snuff-boxes. Boxwood grows in every picture of that unforgetable past, and so, like the



Lila L. Williams

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

fragrance of lavender and the scent of sandalwood, its warm redolence must ever be about the memories of those gracious days.

William Byrd, the third, was an officer in the Colonial troops which fought the French and Indian wars. He rode forth from the Box-planted gateway of Westover in his scarlet regimentals, broidered in gold lace, a gold hilted sabre at his side. How gallant a figure, but what easy prey for the poisoned arrow of some ambushed Redskin!

At the time of the next war, the Revolution, there were many daughters at Westover. For the sake of a stroll along the Box-fragrant paths with those charming girls, many an officer in buff and blue and shining jack boots rode all night along the rutted roads of the undeveloped countryside. The fortunate among them would wear away a sprig of Box plucked for a promise. It would rest unwithering over their hearts through months of separation, while they were happy in the realization that another sprig of Box was knotted in a lace kerchief that graced a soft throat many miles away.

In 1781 Cornwallis and his redcoats crossed the James and landed at Westover on their way to Yorktown. A little later they were followed by French officers who took part in the seige. Westover was most hospitable to these young adventurers who had cast in their lot with the Colonists, and the Marquis de Chastellux wrote in his memoirs a tribute to the cordiality of its mistress and to the beauty of its garden.

The third war came to Westover tragically. Its sons were gone fighting; its women and children remained at home in a tremble of anxiety and dread. Then on the hurried retreat from Richmond General McClellan occupied the house as his headquarters. The flower beds were trampled by the troops and the window frames were scarred with holes for telegraph wires. The brick paths clattered metalically with spurs and muskets. The Box borders, so orderly and poised, seemed foreign to the hubbub and alarm.

But the visitation was short and soon the wave of war passed over. There remained the garden, as quiet and serene as ever, with



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Westover

the Box eternally calm in its place against the warmth of the brick walls. The flowers sprang up again, dainty heliotropes and clove pinks and fleur-de-lis, and the dark shadow of war was forgotten in their sweet brightness.

Now the garden at Westover is as beautiful as an old painting, full of soft tones and mellow shadows. The green Boxwood sends still its fragrance up as it did two centuries ago when the garden was young.

If William Byrd could visit it again surely he would feel that "all his ways were pleasantness, and his paths peace"; and that the promise had been fulfilled unto him, for the place of his sanctuary is beautiful and the place of his feet glorious.



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

Planting of Old Boxwood on an estate in Virginia.

LOWER BRANDON

EIGHT generations have lived and died since John Martin first came to Lower Brandon, and hewed from the tangled wilderness one of the most beautiful gardens in the world. It was called Martin's Brandon at first and it was a hospitable, ample, colorful plot, cleared from the gloom of virgin forests and stretching sunnily down to the James River, wild and wide, where Indians scuttled away in their canoes before the white settlers.

John Martin had come over with John Smith as a member of His Majesty's first council in Virginia. Of course, no garden is worthy of the name in England unless it grows Boxwood-dwarf Box for borders, great Box for enclosing walls, tree Box for sentinels at garden gates. So John Martin planted the loved Boxwood in his garden, a double row across the front of his great and beautiful house, a double line extending down the sides of the grounds, and an intricate maze of bush Box in a quaint pattern reminiscent of formal European plantings.

It is natural that John Martin thought first of Boxwood when he wanted to take the frontier crudeness from his new world home, for there is something so sturdy and settled and strong about Boxwood that merely a few clumps can give to a whole garden an atmosphere of having been rooted there for years.

These ancient Box hedges that John Martin set out so many summers ago have grown to unbelievable loveliness with the passing of time. Some have assumed queer shapes, gnarled and twisted and fantastic, until they look older than history. Other clumps have kept their symmetry, but spread to tremendous size, great venerable monuments to long ago. It is impossible to walk down the famous grass path at Brandon, surrounded by the tropical abundance of that garden, breathing the fragrance of thousands of



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

June in the Garden at Brandon



Lila L. Williams

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

flowers, permeated always by the delicious scent of Box, without feeling your imagination going back three hundred years to those romantic early days in the James River.

It is interesting that in 1635 Lower Brandon and its glorious garden were granted to "John Sadler and Richard Quiney, merchants, and to William Barbour, Mariner," for Richard Quiney was the husband of Judith, daughter of Will Shakespeare. One wonders what art would have flowed from Shakespeare's pen, could he have lived to cross the seas and stroll in that inspiring garden at Brandon. For surely,

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank" of the old James, where myriad blooms waft their fragrance to the stars! Surely there would have been the tenderest of lovers' meetings in this idyllic setting—and perhaps another "Midsummer Night's Dream" with saucy elves and dainty fairies skipping in and out from behind the great Boxwood!

Richard Quiney left his share of the property to a great-nephew, Robert Richardson, who sold it to Nathaniel Harrison. Generations of his descendants have lived in the fine old house and loved that most beautiful of gardens.

Hanging from the drawing-room chandelier is a small gold wedding ring. No one knows when or why it was hung there, but it is always reverenced. The legends are two: one, that some bride cast it off because of a secret love; the other, that some dear old grandmother left it as a sign of happy union in the room where she was married.

Every old Virginia place has its ghost, and the ghost at Brandon is the lovely bride who returns to her ring to bless her descendants. It is pleasant to think of this "patron saint of brides" frequenting the misty, moonlit paths in the garden at Brandon.



Lila L. Williams

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

THE LABYRINTH AT UPPER BRANDON

THE garden at Upper Brandon was built several generations later than Brandon, Shirley and Westover, but still it is of a worthy age, for it was full-grown and flo[illegible]ng at the time of the Civil War. William Byrd Harrison, who built the house, was the son of Benjamin Harrison of Brandon and when his father gave him part of the estate, he copied the house and half of the garden after his old home.

The house rises, wide-winged and commanding, from a knoll far back from the river in a grove of trees. The early Virginians with their instinct for the impressive, placed their houses well.

But the unusual feature is the lower part of the garden where the Harrisons established a serpentine Box walk, of rare and old design, said to be the only one of its kind in America.

The labyrinth or maze is one of the most ancient features of gardening, and is one of the "anticke works" recommended in the earliest treatises on gardening.

Didymus Mountain says that it is not "any necessarie commoditie in a garden, rather as a beautifying unto your garden: for that mazes and knots aptly made doe much set forth a garden." Such was its first purpose—to display a deal of gardener's skill in small space. The first Box labyrinth probably had origin in the crowded courtyard of a mediaeval castle.

A labyrinth should be constructed of hedges "to a man's height," for in the finest of them, you could stroll along the interminable bends and twists without being seen by another person four feet away on the other side of the hedge. Box was especially suited for the purpose, being of so substantial and opaque a growth.

Later, however, the purpose of the maze became more sportive. It was considered a huge joke in the Middle Ages to turn a guest



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

The Garden at Upper Brandon

into a labyrinth, so cross-cut with circuitous paths that he would be hours finding his way out. Certain wits of the day were wont to place surprises for guests at bends in the maze. One such is a fountain which sent an unexpected spray across a sharp turn, so that the unwary guest was drenched. 'Twas fine fun for the ladies and squires to lean from turret windows overlooking the garden and shout derision at the poor victim.

So Didymus Mountain suggests putting the maze in a "void place that may be spared for the only purpose to sport in it at time." It is Mountain, too, who suggests the planting of luscious berries at bends in the labyrinth, so that the stranger may be enticed so far into it that he loses himself.

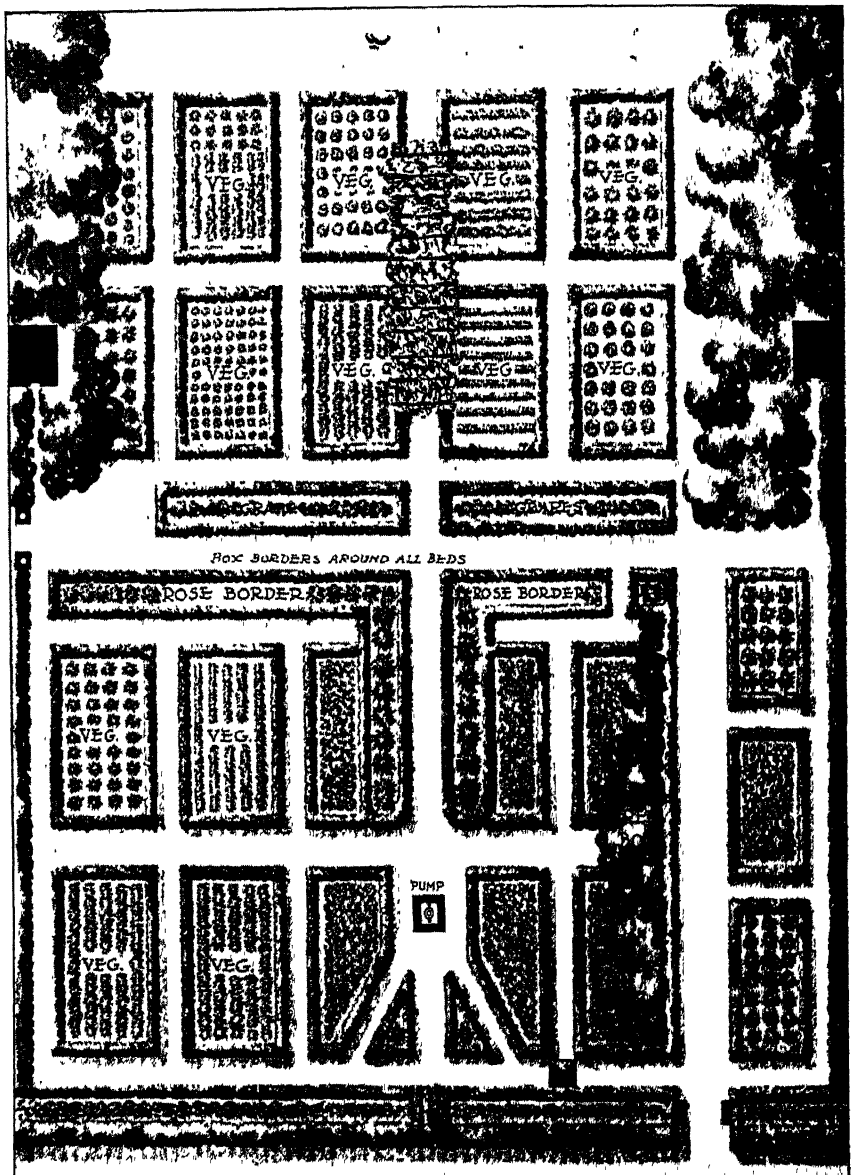
As manners grew more gentle, this crude horse-play purpose was forgotten, and the tortuous paths of the labyrinth were merely to entertain and divert. True, there was one rather sinister labyrinth in a Boston garden, where a jealous husband confined his wife, whom he suspected of infidelity. He said that the maze would give her restless feet plenty of variety in her own garden. But most of the mazes of the last three centuries have been created to make beautiful and interesting a stretch of garden with no other outstanding feature.

Such is the lovely serpentine garden at Upper Brandon, that maze enclosed in aromatic walls of evergreen Boxwood, over which one can look into a stretch of grass, thick sown with jonquils and periwinkle. When one walks there he concludes that truly the labyrinth is what an old writer calls it, "a delyghtsome conceit."



rtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

Special Apparatus is necessary for the transplanting of large pieces of Boxwood



ORIGINAL BOX GARDEN AT
SHIRLEY

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

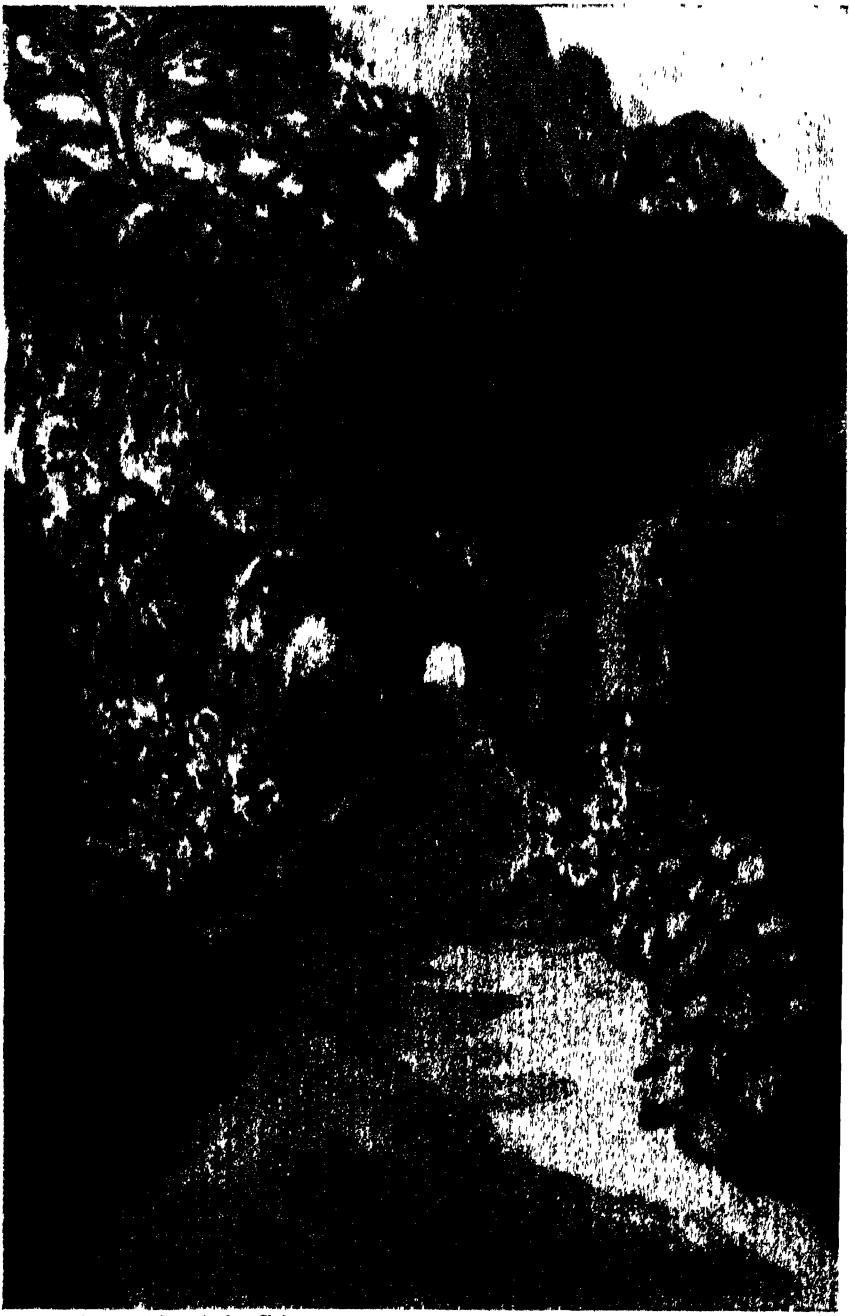
SHIRLEY

IF one is interested in reproducing a Colonial garden of the finest type he could have no better model than the beautiful garden at Shirley, the original home of the Carters. It is an old garden, for its neat paths of river gravel were in place and its cheery Box borders were thriving long before the Revolution. The Carters were a wealthy family and an aristocratic one. Their home was huge and handsome and their landscaping was in accord with their position and breeding.

The garden at Shirley follows the best Renaissance traditions and is enclosed in a tall Box hedge, carved into a graceful arch over the grey wicket that leads within. This hedge at irregular intervals is o'ertopped by stalwart oaks and elms, and replaced entirely at the ends by the shaggy luxurance of great Box trees. Bright flowers, rainbow-hued, are massed along the base of the hedge. There one has all the elements of a masterpiece, vivid color against the green of oaks and elms and of the Box. It takes the lighter green of deciduous trees against the darker shading of evergreens to give the "high-lights" to a garden-picture, to paint in the glow and the shadow that are equally necessary for balance and for emphasis. And if the evergreen be omitted, even the height of summer's growth will lack the satisfaction and the depth that old Boxwood gives to the garden-picture.

There is a grape arbor leading through the Box-bordered vegetable squares to the garden center, which is a bower of roses of every kind and color. The perfume of that path, the scent of roses, the spiciness of Box, the sweetness of grape-blossoms (do you know it?) is ineffably lovely, and should be imitated by all who like to breathe a garden as well as see it.

At the end of the rose-beds is an old well, mossy and cool, with its well-sweep ready over it. There is a rule which says that any



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

A Garden Walk at Shirley

decoration must be useful if it is to be artistic. Certainly a well or a fountain or a spring is a decorative addition to a garden where thirsty flowers are so freshly grateful for cool draughts at evening.

All about the ancient well are Box-framed beds of old-fashioned blossoms, heliotrope, rose-geranium, mignonette, lilies—beds of sweetness. A tremendous and venerable pecan tree spreads its shade over the path here, a tree which John Randolph of Roanoke planted when on a visit to the Carters in the early days. Thus did one Virginia gentleman repay hospitality with a gift which has lived two centuries and more!

The best Colonial gardens always contained plots for vegetables and small fruits, but when rich Box bordered the squares and flowers bloomed occasionally throughout them, they were as attractive as any part of the planting. There was always, too, a herb garden, a space where "simples" for medicines and flavorings were carefully tended and culled and dried by thrifty housewives.

In the corners were groups of fruit trees, delightful when in bloom, and charming when their bright burdens sparkled through the leaves in the fall of the year.

Every element necessary for comfort and for beauty is in that garden. It is a complete perfection, that bower, Box-enclosed. Landon Randolph Dashiell has expressed it fittingly in "Historic Gardens of Virginia": "In the early morning, in the long noonday, in the cool of the evening, the garden at Shirley is a place of refuge, solace and happiness; the atmosphere is laden with the fragrance of Boxwood; birds, bees, and butterflies are there; their confidence in the Infinite provision is exemplified as though their Creator had spoken."



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

Planting of Old Boxwood near a Stone Residence.

THE OLD MANSION AT CLAREMONT

ONE of the richest sections of America in historic interest where there are still standing many homes, churches, and tombs, filled with interest about Jefferson, Marshall and Bacon and Sir John Hurvey, governor of Virginia in 1632, is the historic city of Williamsburg.

Near Williamsburg, located below Richmond on the James River, is Claremont. Quoting from the beautiful book "Historic Gardens of Virginia," published by the James River Garden Club and edited by Edith Tunis Sale:

"The romantic legend, told along the river, is that two brothers, Allen and Eric Guelph, princes of the house of Hanover, were rivals for the love of a high-born English lady. Eric was successful in his suit, but on his wedding night was fatally stabbed by his brother, Arthur, who then fled from England. Taking refuge in America, he is said to have changed his name to Arthur Allen, in which name he held the large grant of land given him in 1649. Upon this plantation, a few years later, he built the house known as Claremont Manor, which today is an excellent example of the best architecture of the seventeenth century."

Claremont mansion is designed like the Claremont mansion in England, which was the home of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Edgar Allan Poe was a frequent visitor to Claremont Manor, and each President of the United States prior to the Civil War is said to have been a guest at the Claremont house.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Great clumps of Boxwood stand guard by the old Mansion at Claremont, their close clipped regularity adding a stateliness and gracious dignity to the entrance. The marble of the sleeping lions gleams whitely in contrast to the dark green of the great bushes.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Red Hill, the Home of Patrick Henry—Original House on the Left

PATRICK HENRY'S LAST GARDEN

GIVE me liberty, or give me death!"—that trumpet call with which Patrick Henry stirred so many fearful colonists to action is still thrilling.

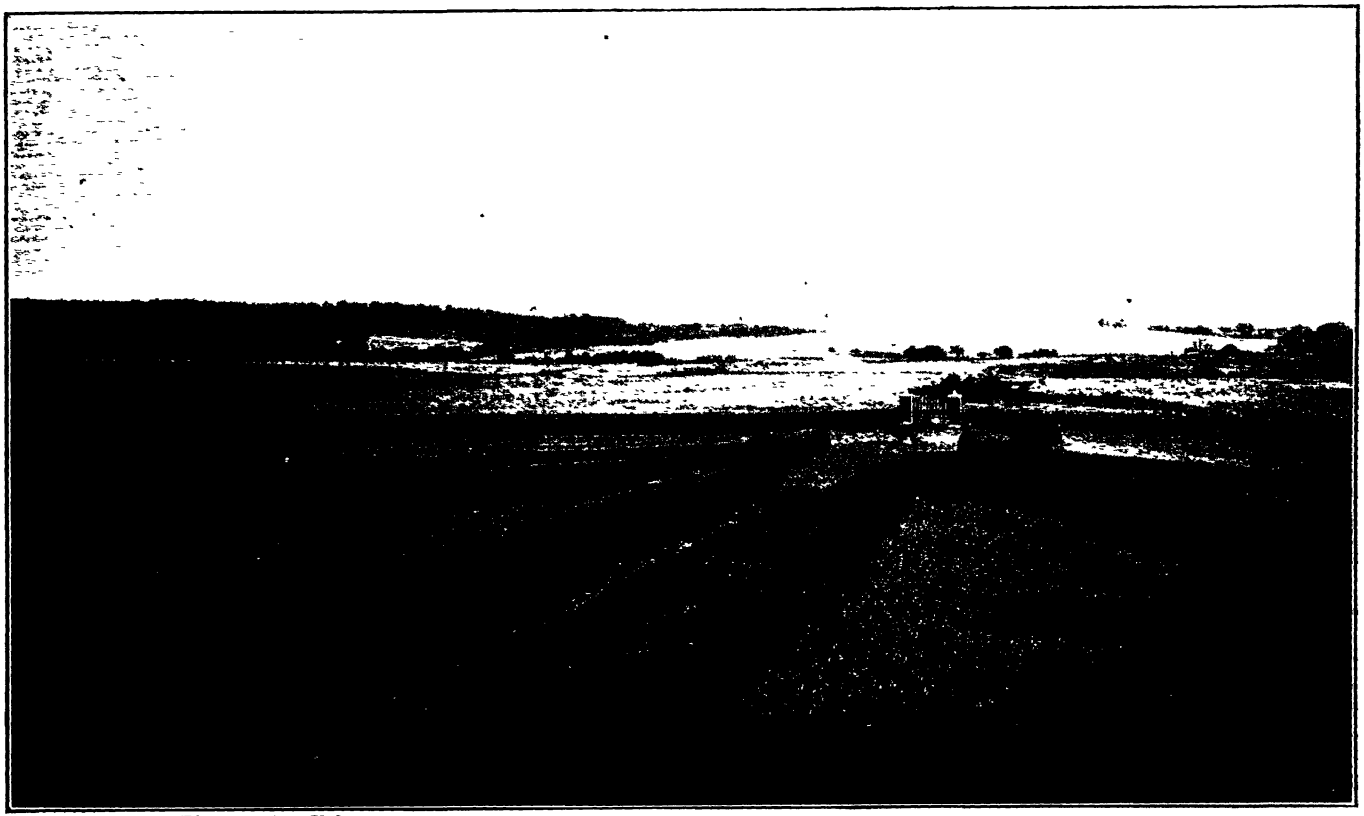
But the fiery orator had another side, less known, which was really more characteristic, a lovable, genial, domestic side. Thomas Jefferson became his friend in 1760 when a student in the College of William and Mary. He writes of him:

"His passion was music, dancing, and pleasantry. He excelled in the last and it attached every one to him."

It was this gentler side of his nature which he had opportunity to indulge in those last peaceful days at Red Hill, when the strife of the Revolution was passed and gone, and the business of starting the new States in independence was under way. Patrick Henry had been Governor of Virginia for three terms, and now the State he had loved and served was able to do without him. He withdrew to the quietness of Red Hill and lived there the pleasant life of a patriarch.

His days were simple and orderly. He liked to call his slaves together in the morning on the lawn, a carpet of green enclosed in close-clipped Box hedges that spread along the ridge into cornfields that waved to the far-off ribbon of the Staunton River. Here he would deliver the orders for the day in that ringing voice of his which, it is said, could have been heard by ten thousand people out of doors. It was perhaps a little daily reminiscence of the glorious power that vibrant voice had wielded to strengthen the colonies to a stand for right.

After the slaves had scattered to their tasks he would walk along the Box-edged paths which led in every direction from the homestead, until he reached the Spring House, where he would dip with the gourd he always carried into the clear, bubbling waters. For Patrick Henry was so disgusted and amazed by the widespread



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Boxwood at Red Hill

outbreak of drunkenness and license that followed the Revolution that he never would drink intoxicating liquor again; and as Governor of Virginia, he served only a mild barley beer at official dinners, in the hope of influencing the public to moderation.

Then he would return to an eminence on the lawn, where a Box-circle marked a pleasant space beneath a sprawling old locust tree. Here he would sit for hours, his chair tipped back against the great trunk, a book unopened in his lap, his fiddle at hand for occasional tunes, dreamily drinking in the sunshine and the warm, aromatic breath of the Boxwood all about.

Patrick Henry loved the Box above every plant and his garden and lawn were full of it in all varieties to the exclusion of almost everything else. His hedges were remarkably fine, for they were not of the customary dwarf Box, but rather of tree Box clipped and kept short.

Another fascinating experiment of Patrick Henry's with Boxwood was the planting of four large Box trees at the garden entrance, so arranged that the tops grew together into a deep green cover. Over this he trained the yellow jessamine, and now it blooms unseen in the tops of the Box trees, sending forth a hidden, heavenly fragrance, that comes an unexpected delight mingled with the keenness of the Box.

The uncle who educated Patrick Henry taught him these maxims of conduct: "To be true and just in all my dealings, to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart. Not to covert other men's goods; but to learn and labor truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call me."

The graveyard at Red Hill where the fine old man now sleeps is fitting for one who lived according to so upright a rule of life. It is a quiet square, aloof and tranquil, where the simple tombs of Patrick Henry and Dorothea, his wife, are spread about by an evergreen carpet of periwinkle. And all around that resting place there stands a border of his favorite Boxwood, an ever-renewing symbol of the immortality of a noble life.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Box Walk at Hickory Hill

THE PLEASAUNCE AT HICKORY HILL

IN old garden lore there was always much to say about the "pleasaunce," and one of the most charming features of Hickory Hill is that it had by the house-side one of these pleasure-grounds that are so delightful a heritage from the Middle Ages.

In the days "when Knighthood was in Flower" and a man's home was a castle, there were always in the court-yard some fruit trees, some beds of flowers and herbs with low Box-borders, a fountain, and a stone-bench. To this tiny bower, so soft a contrast to the buttresses and turrets that shut it in, repaired the mistress and her ladies-in-waiting with their Tapestry frames.

Here they would ply their needles through the long months while their lord-crusaders were storming the walls of distant Jericho. Here in the heat of the day Pages would bring them cool drinks in jewelled goblets, flavored with exotic spices which me lord had brought home from Jerusalem after the last Crusade. Here a jester in doublet and cap and bells would seek to beguile them from their melancholy with quaint mockeries. Here the wandering troubadour was welcomed and urged with a purse of coins to sing of his adventures and to recount the news from the East. Here when the long wars were finally over, the Knight, bronzed from the Southern suns, was welcomed with great feasting and merry-making. Then it was called a "Garden of Delight" and so it was—the only tender, intimate part of all the cold, stern castle.

When Feudalism gave way to a united country under a King, and there was no longer need for the defences of a castle, the Garden of Delight became the Pleasaunce of Tudor Days. Its boundaries were no longer the harsh grey stone of massive walls. Actual protection was no more necessary, but for privacy and in-



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Formal Garden at Hickory Hill

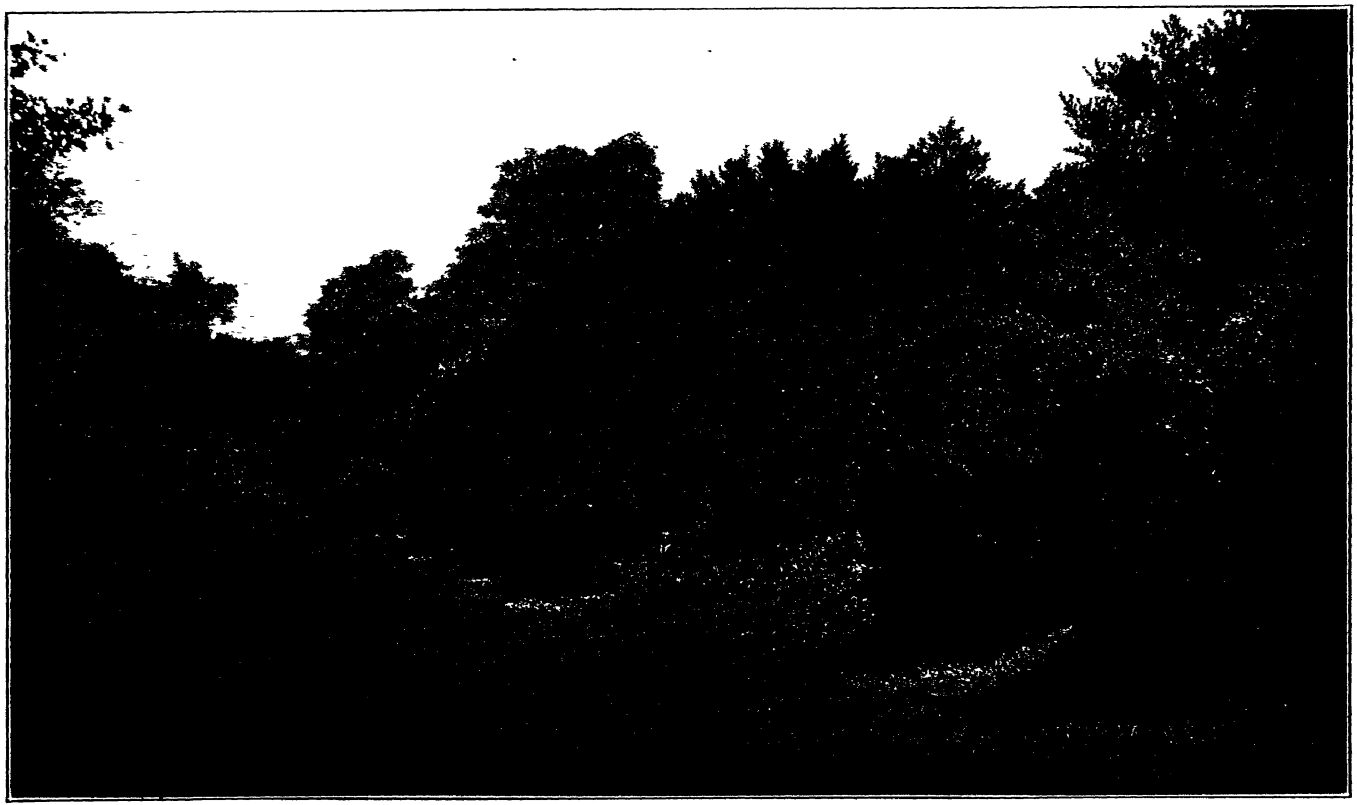
timacy some boundary was desirable, and so tall hedges of thick-set evergreen, cypress or tree-Box, were planted.

Nor was the space restricted any longer to the crowded court-yard, so that the pleasaunce grew larger into a great sweep of green turf with the beds of herbs and flowers at one side.

Often it would be enclosed by two hedges the better to insure seclusion. The outer one was very high, sometimes a vine-covered fence, or a stone-parapet, thick set with many a "flower in the crannied wall," or a line of poplars close-planted that the branches might become interwoven. The inner hedge would be smaller and more decorative and correct. Clipped Box was the favorite for this purpose, not only because of its rich perpetual color, but also because of its fragrance. The Elizabethians loved well any shrub

"That casteth up full good savor."

The pleasaunce had myriad uses now. Here a fine lady would sew a fine seam as in the feudal days. Here gay lords and ladies would gather to tell stories; perchance the quaint tales of Boccacio, which were just reaching England and France with the Renaissance. Here lasses and lads would trip full many a merry dance on the green. Here would stroll decorous damsels, veils floating from the peaks of their tall hats, the brocaded satins of their gowns sweeping along the grass, attended by gallants gay in ruffs and silken hose and high-heeled shoes. Here when Charles I brought the new game of tennis from France, the courtiers and the ladies would flock with little round racquets to learn to play. The ladies wore their flowing gowns with trains just as always, but they did find it necessary to bind up their hair in "tennis-nettes." And there is scarcely a ballade or legend of those days which does not tell of the lover scaling the garden wall or waiting hidden in the Box-hedge for a rendezvous with his love. The pleasaunce was the lover's delight. The pleasaunce was the merriest, the loveliest, and the most romantic spot in that world.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Box Trees Shading the Lowest Fall at Hickory Hill

It was with a fine feeling for tradition and for the rich background of the pleasaunce that the garden at Hickory Hill was laid out in 1820. Its green carpet is shut in by matchless walls of century-old Box, and at one side is the formal garden of small shaped beds, all framed in luxurious edgings of dwarf Box. There is also a Box-walk, made of a double row of great Box trees, which is a cool cathedral nave in summer and in winter an infinite charm with its evergreen flecked with snow.

It was along this very Box-walk that General Lee's youngest son, Robert, fled on June 23, 1863, from Northern raiders. On the same night his uncle, General Fitzhugh Lee, was removed, desperately wounded, from the house and safely hidden in a thick clump of Box until the troopers passed.

Thus the Box-hedge around the pleasure-ground which usually sheltered nothing more serious than caresses and murmurs, came at Hickory Hill to save two lives. Such a thrilling episode seems fitting to the old pleasaunce which has played so large a part in life since the days of the Crusades.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

The Box "Maze" at Tuckahoe, Goochland County

TUCKAHOE



VER the grass-grown grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello there is this epitaph, written by himself: "Here lies Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." Had our Third President's epitaph been written by another it would have been less modest, for he was one of the greatest of our founders and the list of his achievements should be long. He was most versatile, a statesman, an educator, a writer, yet also a successful plantation owner; and when we regard Monticello, that beautiful house which he designed, we can add, an architect.

This great spirit of our early days was brought up at Tuckahoe and educated in one of the little outbuildings which looked on the garden of that great estate. For Tuckahoe was planned for hospitality and the main house was used entirely for entertaining. A great hall called the ball-room ran from door to door through the center, flanked by innumerable fine square rooms, panelled with walnut or heart of pine to the lofty ceilings, with mantel and stair-rails beautifully carved by hand; with quaint H and L-H hinges swinging the doors of solid mahogany; with heavy brass locks and huge door-keys kept shining by the many slaves; with iron outer locks showing the English coat-of-arms in brass.

This spacious house was aloof from outside life in a world of its own, reached through a mile-long avenue of cedars, infinitely beautiful, a very forest cathedral arched with ever-shifting sunlight and shade. At the end of this ineffable approach one saw the white gateway to the lawn, and then, coming out of its shadow, the welcoming, sunny facade of Tuckahoe itself rising from its acres of garden.

The business of living was carried on in smaller separate build-



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

The Tuckahoe Garden in June

ings connected by a three-foot brick walk. There was the office, the school, the smoke-house, the tool-shed, the ice-house, the weaving-room, many slave quarters, and a kitchen, with swinging cranes and Dutch oven, one hundred feet from the house!

Tuckahoe is one of the oldest plantations in America for it was founded in 1674 by William Randolph of Turkey Island for his son Thomas. It had probably twenty-five thousand acres in its original state, extending twelve miles along the James River. The name is of Indian derivation after the "Tockawaugh," growing like a flagge, of the greatness and taste of a potatoe, which passeth a fiery purgation before they may eate it, being poison while it is raw." It is, in other words, our "Jack-in-the-pulpit," which springs up by hundreds along the shady streams of the estate.

There are other Indian reminders than the name, however; one, a hollowed stone basin by a stream where squaws used to pound their corn into meal.

Peter Jefferson, the father of Thomas, married a kinswomen of Colonel Randolph, and it was in compliance with his dying request that he moved to Tuckahoe in 1745 to look after the huge estate until the young heir, Thomas Mann Randolph, should reach maturity. The management of such a plantation was a stupendous undertaking. The farm records show, for instance, an order for eight hundred pounds of bacon and one hundred fifty-six barrels of corn as a beginning for the feeding of the force.

The care of the flower garden alone must have occupied the entire time of at least a dozen slaves, for the famous Box maze, merely one-quarter of it, was over an acre in size! Careful records of liming operations, of sub-soiling, of orchard yields, and planting dates were kept, and the influence on the youthful Thomas Jefferson is shown by the fact that when he came to own Monticello he kept the same painstaking diaries of all farm affairs.

He could have had no more beautiful model for a garden than this justly celebrated one at Tuckahoe. The garden entrance is a simple, wooden gate, between Box-edged violet beds, with two



W. J. Wallace

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

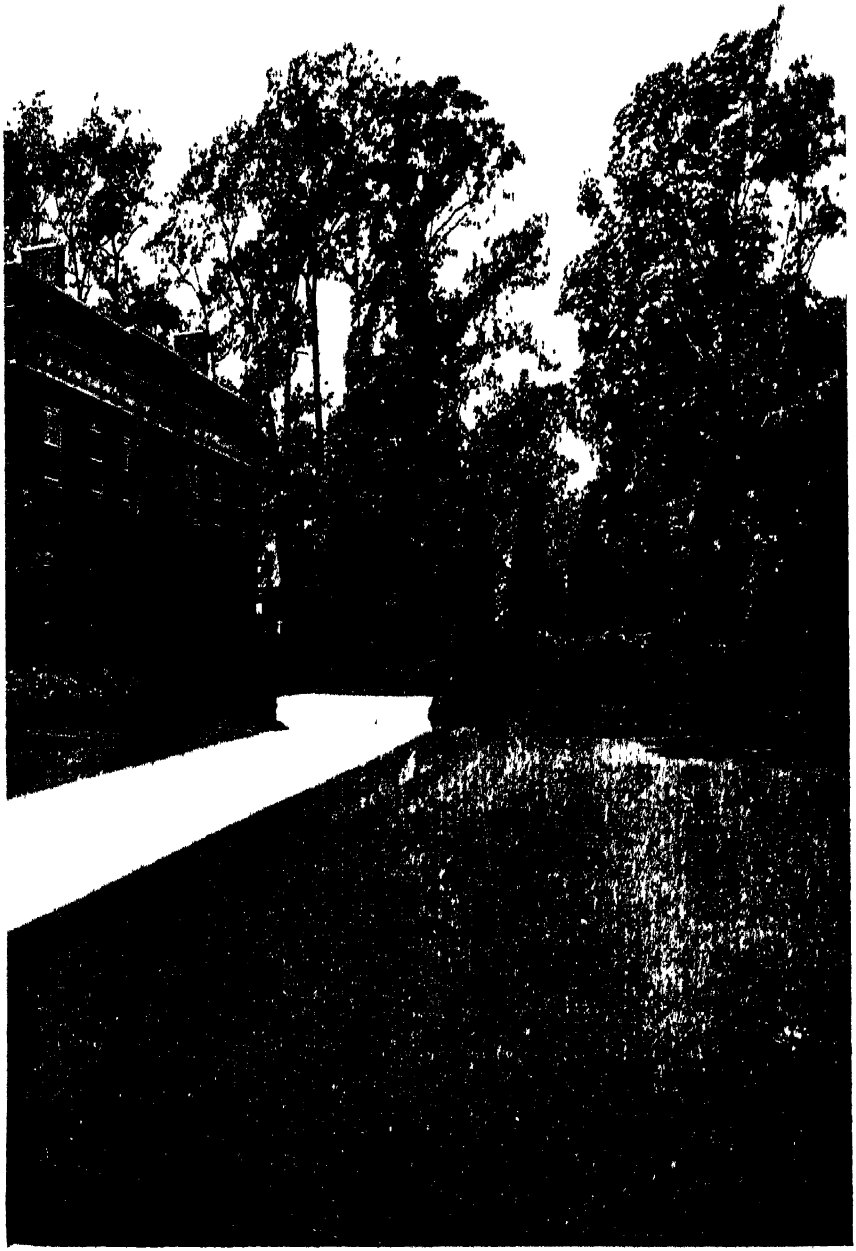
Plan of the Tuckahoe Garden Showing Formal Box Maze on the Right

splendid balancing specimens of sempervirens Boxwood. Then comes the Ghost Walk, a turfed alley lined with old-fashioned or suffruticosa Box.

The Ghost is said to be a youthful bride, flying in wedding veil and gown down this old path away from a husband three times her age. One can but feel that even that wretched bride found solace in the lovely tranquility of the garden.

Below it lies the formal garden, cut into fifty-seven "knots" with narrow grass paths and dwarf Box edging. This is known as the "maze," a perfect labyrinth of ovals and squares, a masterpiece of gardening. The old-fashioned Box which borders all the beds would extend, if lined off, for eight thousand feet, or more than one and a half miles.

To see the larkspurs and hollyhocks stretching heavenward above the shining solid green of those borders is a sight that fills the heart. It is not surprising that Thomas Jefferson, so noble and so courteous, should have spent his impressionable years in an environment which stood for all that was best in early American life.



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co, Landscape Gardeners

Boxwood planting on J. Swan Frick estate, Baltimore, Md.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Box Trees at Elk Hill in Winter

ELK HILL

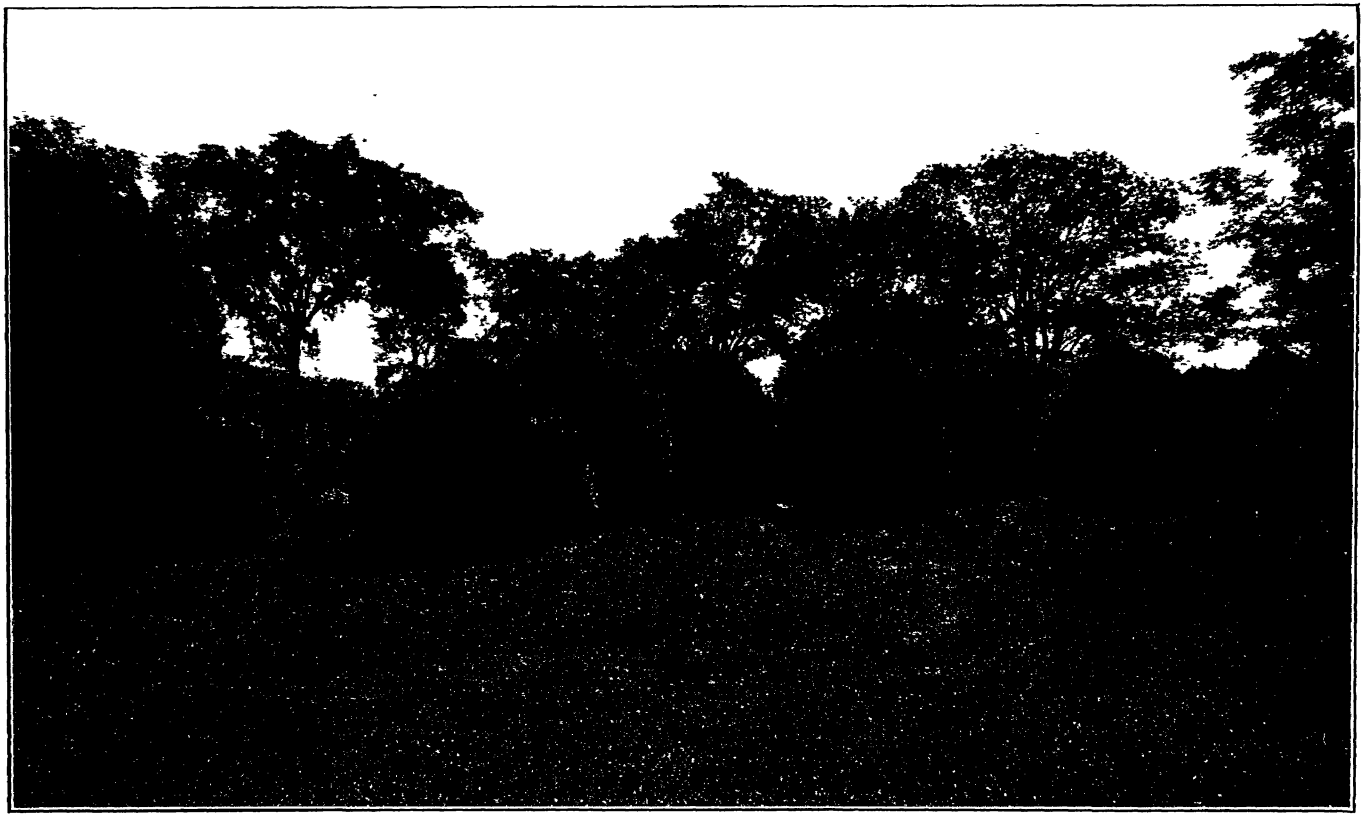
ELK HILL stands proudly aloof in the center of a twelve hundred acre estate. It was patented originally in 1715 to John Woodson, from whom Thomas Jefferson purchased it in 1778. Its great fertility and its grandeur appealed to that connoisseur of the beautiful but its location was too remote, and so after several changes it became the property of Randolph Harrison in 1845.

Randolph Harrison liked it because of its very remoteness. Its seclusion added a touch of distinction. He erected there, on a hill above the winding James, a beautiful house worthy of the estate. Its white-stuccoed facade rises supreme now as it did then, dignified and charming against the green lawn studded with cone-shaped Box-trees.

There are many beautiful houses in Virginia, but there are details of the Elk Hill mansion which rival any. There is, for instance, the spacious verandah on the riverside, and on the land approach, a stately portico. There is the paneled interior with mouldings of pure classic design. There are the lofty ceilings. There is the mantel of Pavanazzo marble in the great living-room. There are the silver knobs on the doors. There are the bronze chandeliers of graceful design.

And certainly the garden is remarkable, even in that country of wonderful gardens. From the wide house steps, serpentine brick walks Box-edged lead to the seven terraces of that beautiful place.

The first terrace of grass is semi-circular and ornamental with innumerable Box-trees of perfect shape and foliage, each one a veritable masterpiece. All the aristocracy and dignity for which Elk Hill stands is expressed beautifully and graciously here in the perfection and symmetry of that unusual planting.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Sempervirens Boxwood at Elk Hill

Mrs. Thomas D. Stokes, the present owner, has written a poem, "My Garden," in which she says of that topmost terrace:

> "Century-old Boxwoods their vigil keep
> Like sentinels on guard o'er the flowers sweet."

And certainly that describes the atmosphere of those exquisite trees which look out over the six lower terraces, spreading their colorful abundance out in tiers like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

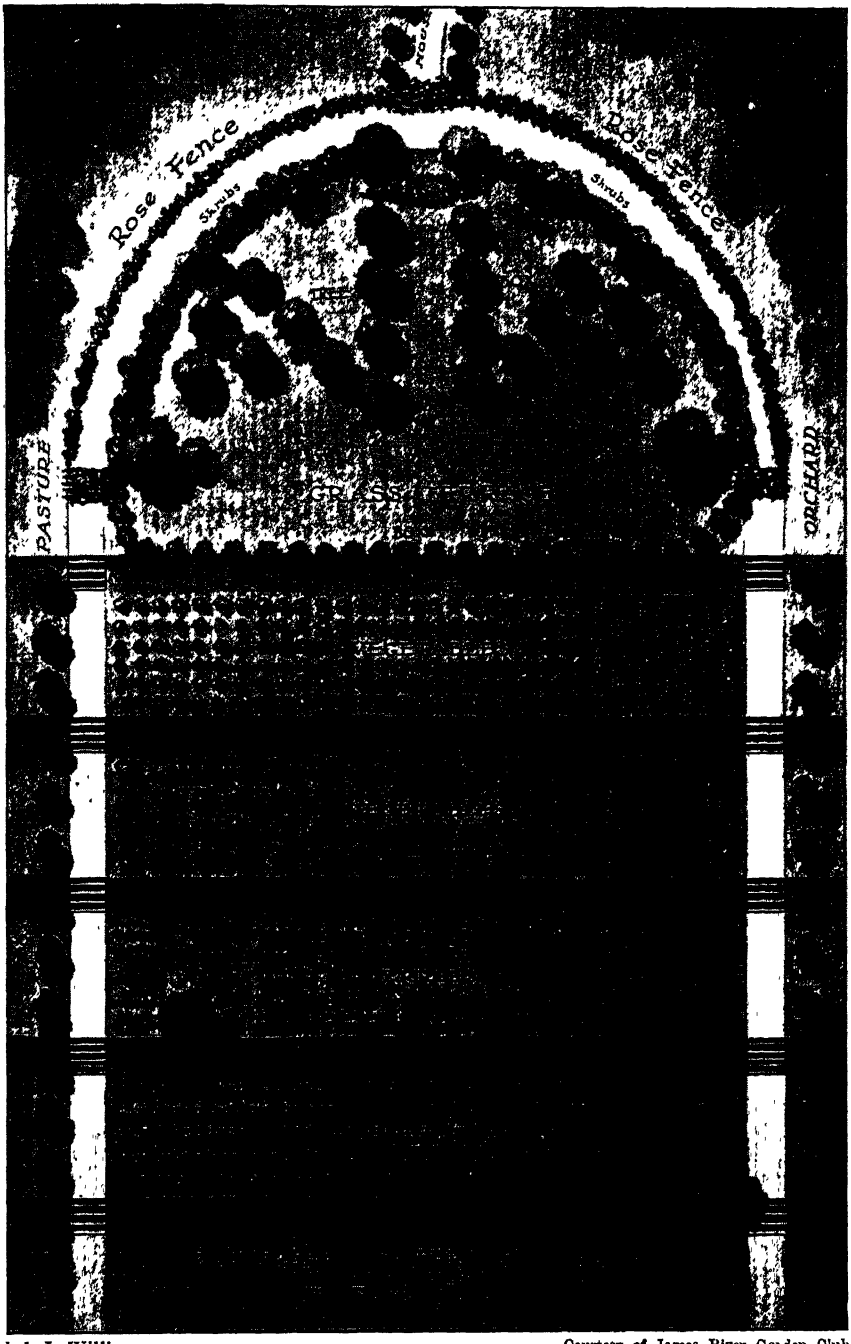
Tradition says that Randolph Harrison, in order to make the terraces perfect, had soil hauled from an island in the James, nearly a mile away. The luxuriant growth through the century has repaid his efforts.

The early Virginians knew that gardens were not grown in a minute. They did not make the modern mistake of hurry but they builded well, and they builded for posterity. No garden that is hurriedly thrown together can ever have the serenity in which those leisurely old gardens bask. Their founders were untiring in clearing away the great trees and the underbrush to grasp a sunny patch from the forest's dark. They were ever forbearing about hauling good soil from distant rivers and swamps. In frequent cases, all of the water for the flowers through the months of drought was carried in buckets on the heads of slaves from wells hundreds of yards away.

Their love for Boxwood shows their patience for the sake of beauty; for bringing it from England meant a ten week's voyage and great expense, and raising it themselves meant infinite pains for a series of years, for like most lovely things, Boxwood must mature slowly to be at its best. But it is worth the effort, just as a Thirteenth Century Cathedral is worth the generations of labor that have gone into it.

Edith Tunis Sale, an authority on colonial shrubs and flowers, says of the Elk Hill planting:

"The proportion of box to the other shrubbery at Elk Hill and



Lila L. Williams

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

the scheme of its distribution are as correct and effective for contrast and background to the transient foliage and flowers of June as amid the bare ramage of January. Both winter and summer, as the gravest item in the garden, the box retains its values, and gives the year-round a note both virile and conservative. . . . The effect of spring and summer color is doubled at Elk Hill by its splendid box, which though dusky in winter, with spring, or 'the sweet of the year' becomes bright with tender green leaves. And all this box, even on dull days, makes the bright flowers look as if the sun were shining."

The Box at Elk Hill accords, too, with the note of elegance and refinement which its builders expressed in the beautiful mansion. And like the Box in other colonial gardens, these trees and hedges at Elk Hill are hung about with historical association.

Elk Hill was, as the name implies, a wonderful hunting ground for the Indians before the white man came. During the Revolution, General LaFayette camped on the knoll where the house now stands. All through the succeeding years, the dwelling was famous for its hospitality, for there was no tavern within miles, and its doors were ever open with a royal welcome. So many travellers enjoyed the grandeur of that house and garden that a kind of legend of its wonders spread broadcast. Revisiting it now one can understand this fame of its beauty, for "the garden is of the sort that can only be found about old houses where sweet and sacred memories linger like the scent of the box and the flowers which bloom within it."



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Hampstead

HAMPSTEAD

HAMPSTEAD, in New Kent County, Virginia, was one of the most pretentious of the early estates. Conrad Webb, its builder, owned vast acres in that section of Virginia and he chose the loveliest location in all his domain as the setting for a magnificent house and for a garden that was famous throughout the country, even in that day of superb gardens.

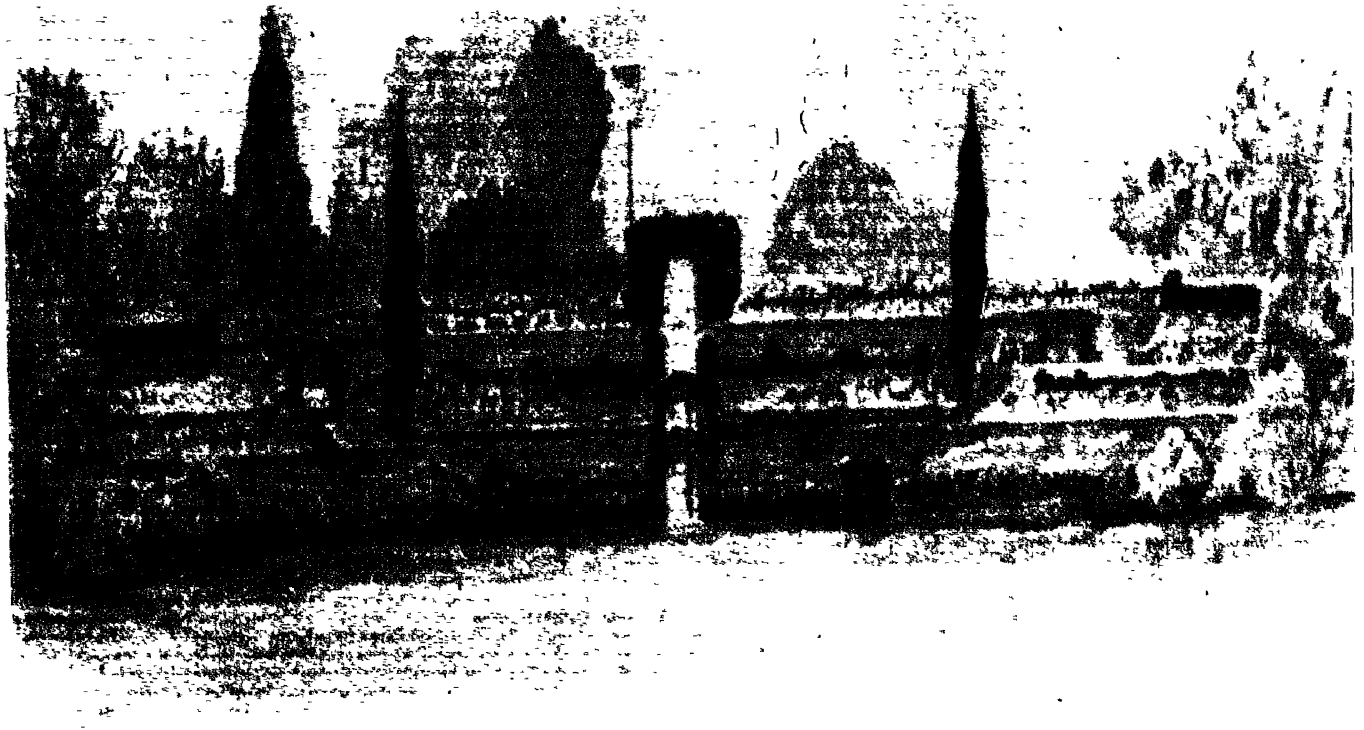
He had a fondness for everything English. The name Hampstead shows that. So does the far-flung view to distant wooded hills, which suggests Kent County, England, for which this part of Virginia was named.

The noble house was built after the purest Georgian architecture and the glorious garden was laid out according to the finest English tradition with low Box borders marking the regular terraces and with a thick-set hedge of it leading from the house and circling a quaint old sundial.

The splendid dwelling at Hampstead shows what could be done even in those crude times by one who put care and thought into his house. And Conrad Webb loved the refinement and dignity of doing things well, and spared no trouble in the creation of beautiful Hampstead. Home-building was a solemn and sacred thing to him. When the cornerstone was ready to be laid, he took his young wife by the hand. Three times they walked about the foundation which marked the rising sanctuary of their life together. Then with a silver trowel she laid the first brick.

The stately house they reared shows the influence of their love throughout. Its wide, circular staircase ascending four stories in the center of the house, is one of the most beautiful in America. The central hall is supported by Corinthian pillars, and carving as elaborate yet restrained appears in other parts of the dwelling.

The floors of old houses were often the crudest part, but Conrad



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

W. J. Wallace

Elevation of Hampstead

Webb took the long journey to Norfolk and secured trees which had been cut and seasoned for masts. From these he laid the smooth and gleaming floors.

The English basement had a great wine-room and a fat cellar for the storage of meats, and even a library, for Conrad Webb was a man of culture.

The most charming part of the house, however, was its setting on Box-bordered terraces, approached by broad and straight brick walks, Box-edged. The garden plan was shapely and harmonious and well-clipped Box outlined the dignity of the English-Virginian garden.

I fancy that Conrad Webb, with his reverence for tradition and old customs, planted the Box not only for the sake of enriching his garden, but also for the sake of its unwithering green for garlands hung against the white panellings of his lofty rooms. In English castles and manor houses the mistletoe and holly of Christmas came down at Candlemas and were replaced by Boxwood, whose fresh green lent cheer until the spring flowers of Easter.

Robert Herrick, the poet, always sang a ballade when the roval Christmas greens of Charles I were ordered down, and the Box was ordered up. I can imagine Conrad Webb making a quaint ceremony of this at Hampstead. Perhaps as the browning Christmas wreaths came down and the garlands of shining Box swung into place, he would have that old ballade of Herrick's sung to the tinkle of a harp!

"Down with Rosemary and Bays,
Down with Mistletoe,
Instead of Holly now upraise
The greener Box for show.
The Holly hitherto did sway,
Let Box now domineer
Until the dancing Easter Day
On Easter Eve appear."



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Hildreth Dunn Scott

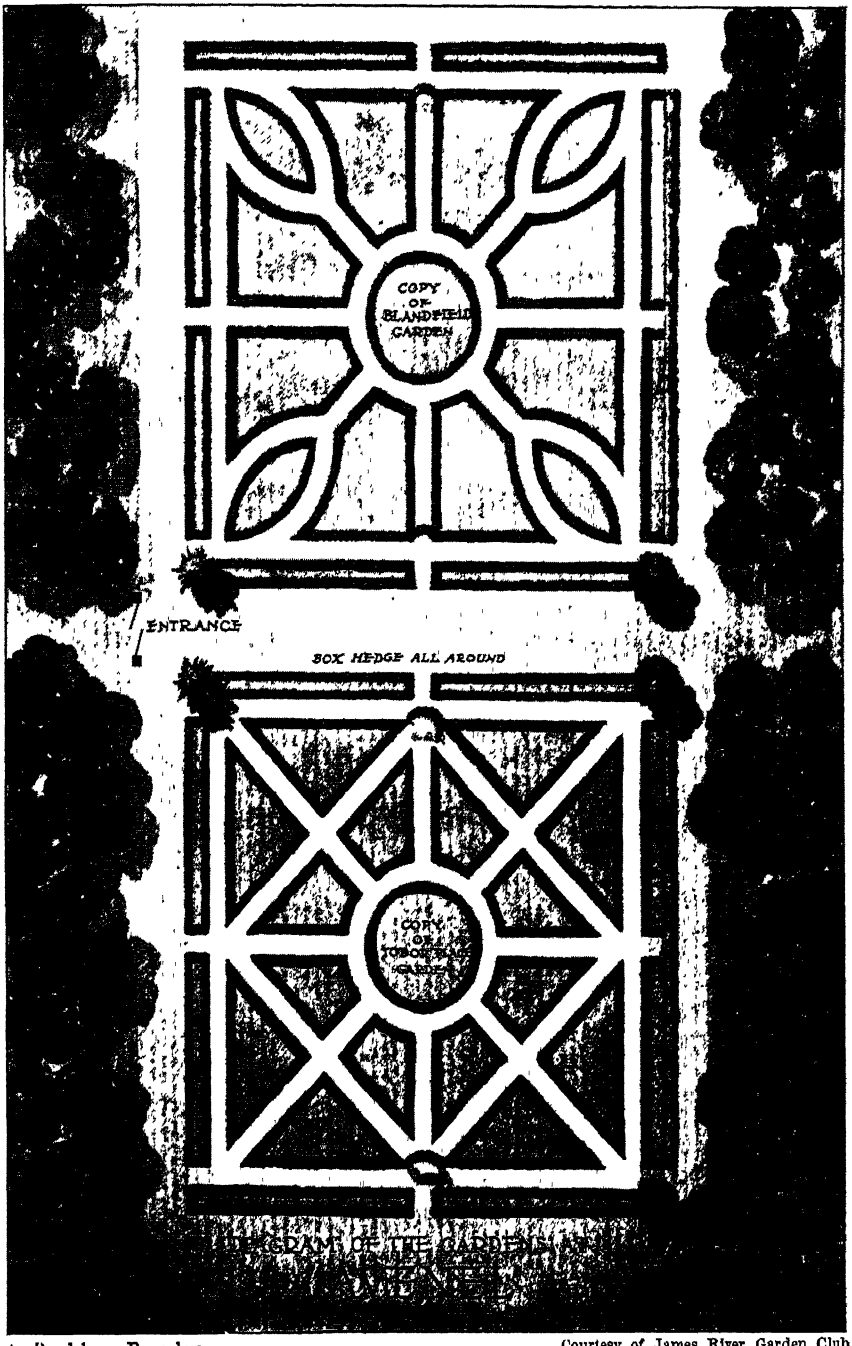
The Garden at Montpelier

DOLLY MADISON'S BOXWOOD

DOLLY MADISON, that winsome and lovable lady, writes in 1820 of giving a dinner for ninety in the garden at Montpelier. Picture the long tables, gleaming with fine damask and old glass and rare silver, set against the rich verdure of her huge Box hedges! Imagine the lines of faithful servants passing to and fro from that screen of deepest green, bearing aloft platters of wild turkey, and little whole pigs with apples in their mouths, and syllabubs and ripe strawberries and iced champagne and all the lavish abundance that made a dinner in those days! Think of the slender tapers lit in the girandoles at the coming of dusk; the blending fragrance of the sweetness of roses and the pungency of Box (a harmony that Dolly Madison preferred above all else in her garden); and finally, the stars coming out one by one, the crickets chirping contentedly in far-off meadows, the fire flies twinkling in and out through the dark of the hedges! Then one understands why Dolly Madison has come down through history as the most delightful of hostesses.

Her garden was like her, fragrant, feminine, winsome, with a French delicacy about it, for it was designed, says tradition, by Major L'Enfant (who planned Washington, D. C.) when he came on a visit with the Marquis de LaFayette.

As a compliment to the President, James Madison, he copied the garden from the House of Representatives, an amphitheatre of green terraces and steps with infinite variety and interest. Overhanging Box trees along the top give a feeling of charming seclusion, and there are rose beds everywhere, with Box-borders and little paths between. One loveliest feature is the great Box tunnel leading from the entrance to the center, where the garden in which Dolly Madison tripped so gaily long ago, spreads itself, a glory of ravishing color.



J. Bradshaw Beverley

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

THE FAMOUS AVENEL GARDEN



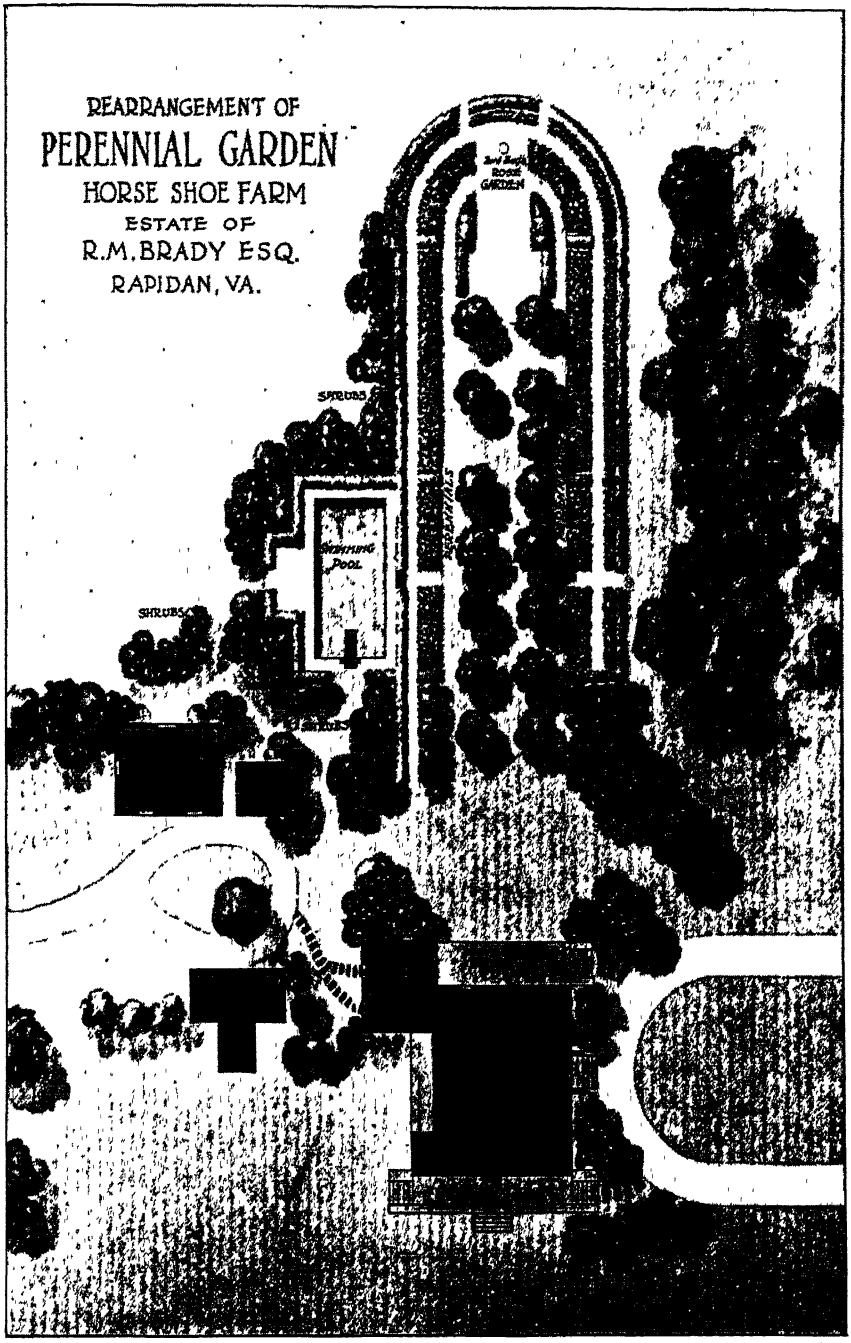
OW fine it was that the gallant colonists of the middle seventeenth century found time in the midst of their fight for foothold on this hostile continent to clear a spot from the tangled forest and to plant there—a garden!

In those days to cut out of a forest clearing a garden as perfect, serene, and well-proportioned as the one at Blandfield was nothing short of miraculous. In most cases they had to raise even trees from seeds, a patient endless undertaking. William Byrd, the grandsire of the Beverley who founded Avenel "saved many seeds, but all had been ruined except Poppeas Arbor, Rhus Sentisie, Laurus Tulipfera." Cones and acorns were collected and planted or sent back to England in exchange for clippings and roots.

And imagine the long, long trip across the stormy Atlantic in the slight sailing vessel, weighted down with mahogany chests of brocaded silks, old plate, and family jewels—and, in the hold, some clumps of Box, so that the "wilderness might bud and blossom as the rose" and culture and beauty might not die away before harsh necessity.

When, over one hundred years ago, the Beverleys designed the garden at Avenel, they formed it of two flower knots, one copied after Blandfield and the other after Tudor Place. Here the rich deep velvety green of Box enclosed the brilliance of every old-fashioned flower that grew, jasmine, rose, lilac, lavender, and the hundred others that made old gardens so fragrant and so happy.

In each flower knot there stood, towering nobly over the rest, a grand Box-tree, so large that the Beverley grandchildren would hide themselves there to dream over a novel of Bulwer's or a poem of Scott's. Captain James Bradshaw Beverley, who drew the garden plan opposite, said that "no drawing could convey the beauty, the wooing welcome, the *dolce far niente* of it all."



Charles F. Gillett

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

HORSESHOE



ILLIAM BYRD, the delightful chronicler to whom we owe so much of our information about early Virginia, wrote in September, 1732: "In the afternoon we walkt in a Meadow by the Riverside, which winds in the form of a Horseshoe about Germana, making it a peninsula, containing about 400 acres." This river-bound peninsula was then the home of the Spotswood family.

Governor Spotswood was in 1716 the leader of an adventurous band of men called the Horseshoe Knights, probably first organized for Indian warfare. He used to lead them at a gallop up to the top of a mountain on the estate where they would drink the King's health.

These bold Knights were probably the forebears of the Culpeper County Minute Men who were so famous for their daring exploits in the Revolution. John Randolph said, "They were raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute, and vanquished in a minute." They must have been a picturesque lot as they rode along through the woods in green hunting shirts with a motto across them, "Liberty or Death," and the estate of Horseshoe gains a romantic interest from having been their rendezvous.

John Spotswood, however, must have been altogether too reckless, for he became so in debt that his inheritance of four hundred and sixty acres was forfeited; and later became the property of John Thompson, a prominent Virginia churchman and gentleman of culture who is responsible for many features of the garden which reflect the refinement and dignity of European customs.

By the outbreak of the Civil War, Horseshoe was in its prime. Its homestead was one of the finest Georgian type, its wide porches two stories high supported by lofty white columns, an impressive



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Tree Box Which Dominates the Garden at Horseshoe

house in a handsome setting. Its many slave-quarters show that there were abundant servants to maintain the establishment with all the elegance which Colonial gentry enjoyed. Its outlying kitchen brings up the picture of negroes on horseback carrying each course freshly hot at a gallop to the great dining-hall in the house-proper.

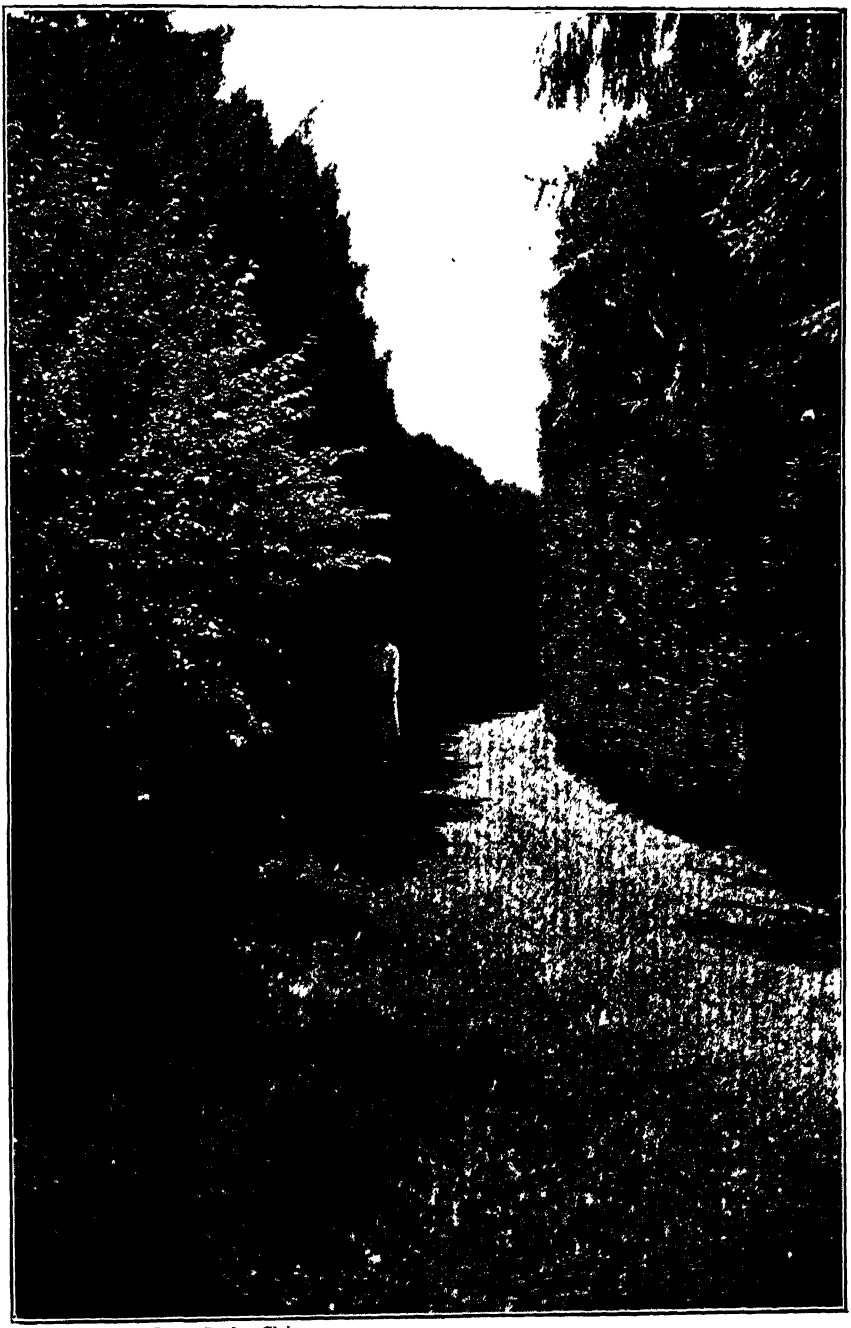
The garden follows the lines of a horseshoe for which the estate was named. Its most important feature is a grouping of great Box trees down the center of the horseshoe.

It must have been very beautiful and very stately, when one day a breathless rider clattered up the long shaded avenue to the house with the news that Pope's soldiers were marching towards the place. Silver was hastily carried out and buried in under the thickest Box-trees. Valuable documents and jewelry were thrown into sacks and carpet bags and taken with the family in their coach as it rocked away with the horses strained to a gallop. The invading army were forced to do some injury to the stables and house, as a hasty search was made for snipers and concealed arms. But the garden did not suffer much. Its very loveliness was its own protection.

Edith Tunis Sale writes of it: "Any search for Box gardens would not be complete without a visit to Horseshoe. . . . A grassy pleasaunce, studded at intervals by six-foot trees of semper-virens Boxwood, forms the controlling note. . . . The garden calendars the seasons as they come and go. Tall hollyhocks and riotous sweetpeas glorify the garden in June, while masses of lily of the valley and violets bloom in a sheltered corner before the May flowers come. All the flowers, every shrub, each tree is planted in accord with the dominant feature of the garden—the stately Boxwood lifting its head along the center length."

It is in truth a gracious spot, calmer in its old age than in its romantic youth, for at last it has

"No enemy
But winter and rough weather."



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Tree Box at Castle Hill

THE HEDGES AT CASTLE HILL

LONG before the American Revolution, the famous Dr. Thomas Walker, who fought Indians from necessity and designed gardens from choice, laid out the grounds at Castle Hill in Virginia. The garden is a splendid spacious square where noble Boxwood hedges rise along the sides, their deep greenery the rich background for a riot of old-fashioned flowers. Through arch-ways cut from the living Box, one glimpses the blue of far away mountains and the stretches of lovely Virginia fields, sloping gently away from the eminence of Castle Hill.

The old Boxwood, so warm with peace and beauty, has watched over troublous days when that garden was a hub-bub of excitement and intrigue, for in 1781 Jack Jouett made his famous ride from Cuckoo Tavern in Louisa County to warn Thomas Jefferson that the British were coming under Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton. He stopped a moment in the cool shade of the old hedge for food and drink—and warning. And when the red-coat leader with his raiders galloped up a little later, a charming hostess welcomed them. Mistress Mildred Walker led them to that beautiful garden, refreshed them with mint julep, a-tinkle in silver tankards on that restful terrace where the pungency of the Box borders and the perfume of a thousand summer blossoms mingled to make the energetic Lieutenant-Colonel forget that there was war without. He tarried a few hours, and when he reached Charlottesville, his quarry, Thomas Jefferson and the members of the Assembly had fled.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe—many men who made history for America—walked through those Boxwood arches and along those garden paths. LaFayette, a visitor to Castle Hill, loved the garden for its old-world charm. And today, just as five generations ago, the Boxwood hedges still keep silent watch over that lovely spot which has grown even more beautiful with the passing years.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

The Garden at Redlands

REDLANDS OF THE CARTERS



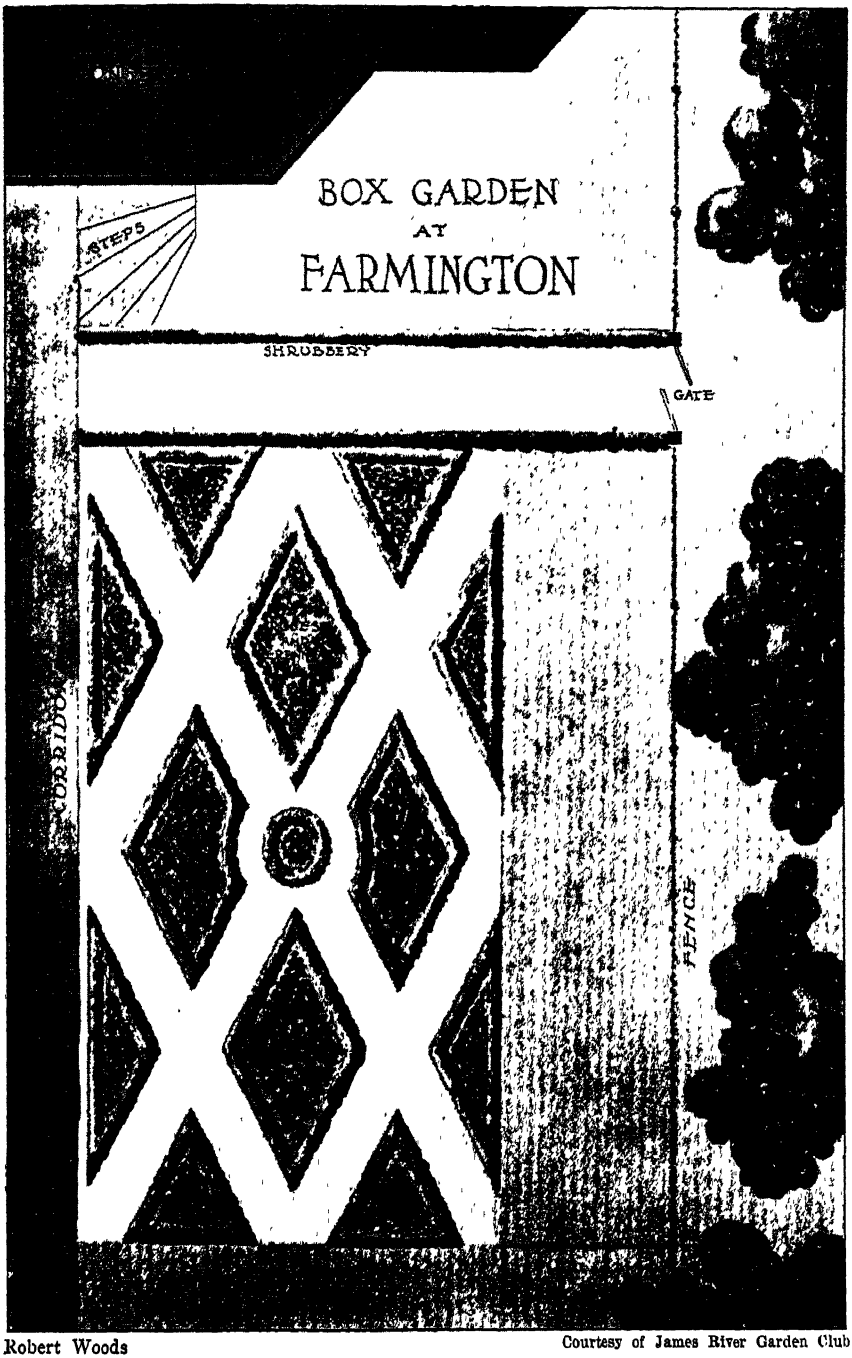
HERE is a beautiful range of hills in Albemarle County called Carter's Mountain. At one end of it lies Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. At the other end extend the rolling acres of Redlands, the estate founded by Robert Carter, for whom the mountains were named. The parallel location and the similarity of the houses are evidences of the intimate friendship that existed between the two distinguished owners so many years ago.

At the close of the American Revolution Robert Carter and his wife began to build their house which commands that wooded valley and to lay out the fine garden which today still retains its fascinating original form.

It was typically English, a combination vegetable and flower garden, for the wonderful gardeners of that time knew that, properly grouped and arranged, the humble kitchen garden might become a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The general plan at Redlands was of a series of squares, enclosed by thrifty Box hedges, with the corners emphasized by huge Box bushes for accent and climax. It was customary for a landowner in those days to pattern his flower beds after some heraldic design of family significance, and one square at Redlands forms a Maltese cross, the insignia of the early Masons. There is a similar planting at Washington's Mount Vernon.

The illustration shows the bush texture of the beautiful old Box bushes, but cannot show the infinite charm of the white violets and periwinkles that blossom shyly in the cool shelter of their great roots. Nor can it give any idea of the unforgettable bitter-sweet pungency that rises from them when at evening the blue, smoky veil of mist settles over those poetic foothills.



Robert Woods

Courtesy of James River Garden Club

FARMINGTON

FARMINGTON was in 1744 a tract of four thousand four hundred acres, fertile and beautiful, with a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains ever before it. On this magnificent sweep of meadow and hill Francis Jourdone in 1758 desired to build a house worthy of such a lordly domain. He laid walls and foundations massively of brick, two to three feet thick, but for some reason before the superstructure could go up be sold the estate to George Divers.

George Divers was a friend of Thomas Jefferson and so he asked him to design a house for that noble site. Jefferson was not a professional architect, but he was a man of exceptional ability along many lines, as were the talented country gentlemen of old Virginia. He had observed the best architecture abroad, and the house he planned was said to be a copy of a fine European country place, having an unusual octagonal front with classic white columns outlined against the brick facade. Tradition says that Jefferson rode over to Farmington one day to superintend the building, and found that his plans were not being carried out to the letter. So he discharged all the workmen, and the finishing of the house was again delayed.

Afterwards it changed hands several times, but no owner succeeded in finishing the mansion. By this time a superstition had sprung up among the colored folk that whoever completed the house would die. Strangely enough, this weird prophecy came true, for General Peyton, who finally perfected the grand old house, passed away suddenly and without reason on the very night it was done.

From the windows of the house, one looks out over a charming terrace arranged in a quaint pattern of flower beds, filled with

mignonette and larkspur and roses, and bordered with fragrant dwarf Boxwood. This Box garden is perfect in every respect, a jewel of a garden, and one whose classic and balanced outlines beautifully accord with that fine old house that Thomas Jefferson designed.

RIDGEWAY



AVE you ever seen anything lovelier than the garden at Ridgeway? It has what an artist calls "texture," for on its canvas shimmers the grey-green delicacy of willow leaves against the dark green shagginess of huge Box-trees, and the velvety dark-blue green of clumps of dwarf Box! How well the sundial is placed, where its fluted shaft is outlined classically against the rugged hedge! And what an inviting old bench, where sunshine can pour down with comfortable warmth, and fill the soft air with the pungency of Boxwood!

Albemarle County, where beautiful Ridgeway is situated, is full of romance and history. Many a famous American chose this superb locality for his permanent home: Monroe at Oak Hill, Madison at Montpelier, Jefferson at Monticello, Patrick Henry at Red Hill, and a legion of other grand old Virginians, the Carters, the Randolphs, the Hairstons and so on. Indeed, so popular with Virginians is this county that it was chosen out of all that picturesque state for the location of the University of Virginia.

It was Indian country first, of course, for deer and elk grazed freely all through it, and it was a veritable "Happy Hunting Ground" with its sun-flecked woods and clear streams.

But it was early settled by Colonists, for it was unusually desirable, almost a Garden of Eden. It was traversed by Revolutionary armies, both red-coats and Colonial troops. In the Civil War it was crossed and recrossed during that tragic conflict as the tide of fortune swayed. It seems strange now that cousin could have fought cousin, and even brother go out against brother in that sad and bloody struggle, for one would say that the beauty of nature in Albemarle County would fill men's hearts with the milk of human kindness.

Cardinal Newman gives this definition: "By a garden is meant a place of spiritual repose, stillness, peace, refreshment, delight." Such a heaven is the garden at Ridgeway in beautiful Albemarle County.



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Ridgeway, One of the Notable Gardens of Albemarle County

THE OAKS

NEAR Red Hill, where Patrick Henry lived his last years, there is a beautiful plantation which was called South Isle until the changing course of the Staunton River filled in about it and made it one with the mainland. Then it became "The Oaks," so-called because of a towering grove of trees about the homestead.

Like Patrick Henry at Red Hill, his neighbors at "The Oaks" loved the pungency of Boxwood and in their rare garden it was at once the ornament and the frame. In this case it was the mistress of the manor who had the passion for a garden and Mrs. Izard Bacon Rice planned and supervised the creation of a garden that is, as the poem says, "a lovesome spot, God wot."

Box, as at Red Hill, was the keynote of the planting, but Mrs. Rice admired too, the coloring of old perennials, and these were set out in the Box-edged beds of her garden like so many old-fashioned nosegays.

The central walk was bordered by alternating bushes of Box and of pink perpetual roses—an inspiration surely, for the roses looked more feminine and delicate against the dark of the Box, and the Box seemed more sturdily evergreen for the contrast.

Her "curious knotted garden" is pleasant because the beds, though of various forms, are all balanced and symmetrical, and the Box edgings are kept down to a foot in height, the better to show the design. Over some of these tiny walls self-sown cypress vines have sprawled, dotting the green with the white and crimson stars of their flowers.

Mrs. Rice planned her vegetable garden with genius; each square is flower-bordered and huge Box-trees pyramid it occasionally. So what might have been merely utilitarian and ugly is made beautiful by the same artistry that created that exquisite flower garden at "The Oaks."



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Old Box Garden of The Oaks

CHATMOSS



HE Chatmoss garden was planted in the peaceful ante-bellum days about 1850 by Samuel Harden Hairston. There was still plenty of room for leisurely living in Virginia, for the lawn alone covers twenty acres. It was kept cropped by a flock of sheep, just as the Scotch keep the greens on their golf courses to this day. There is a wonderful atmosphere of pastoral tranquility about a flock gently grazing under great trees on a wide lawn. They are as picturesque as they are useful.

The same serenity pervades the formal garden, where dwarf Box marks out the beds and separates the flowers from the broad winding walks. The most unusual feature, however, is the tree Box, a hedge of it thirty feet high along the garden side, thickly clustered, dark, sombre, and impressive—not unlike the shaggy cypresses in the crags above the Mediterranean. It makes a rich background against which the colors of the garden flare gaily.

The Chatmoss garden was just flourishing abundantly when the clamor of the Civil War crashed down upon it. What anxious days those were, when the mistress of Chatmoss and her charming daughters, who had before spent pleasant hours pruning and snipping and transplanting, now passed the long weeks with flying needles in the garden-shade, knitting innumerable socks and stitching on scores of the grey cotton shirts with which the Confederate women kept General Lee's army supplied.

Those were the days when every Virginia girl kept her "running bag" tied to her waist—for raids were imminent at any time, and into this carry-all whatever they wished to save was thrown as they rushed to safety. One girl writes in her diary of stuffing "my sunbonnet, veil, comb, toothbrush, cabas filled with dozens of small articles, and dagger to carry; and then my heart failed me when I thought of my guitar, so I caught it up in the case; and



A Corner of the Formal Garden at Chatmoss, Henry County



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Boxwood Planted at Chatmoss in 1845

remembering father's heavy inkstand, I seized that, too, with two fans."

Their hearts must have ached as they slipped through their beloved garden, expecting it to be shell-torn and ravaged in a few hours! Fortunately the Chatmoss garden was spared any great disfigurement, and today its prim borders and beautiful Box-trees are shiningly in place just as they were "befo' the wah."



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Oak Hill, Pittsylvania County

OAK HILL AND ITS GARDEN

THE phrase "Southern hospitality" must have come into being on such a noble estate as Oak Hill in Pittsylvania County, Virginia. There, in the ample days "befo' de wah," the Hairstons would bid a score of guests for a visit. These would drive up gaily in quaint, old, round-bellied coaches with postillions galloping behind, and be-chintzed band-boxes and little haircloth trunks bulging from every railing and step. What greetings at the wrought-iron plantation gate—always cordially open! What low bows from gallants! What sweeping curtsies from bright-eyed ladies!

Then the front walk at Oak Hill, no pinched, half-way affair, but a long sweep of rock-laid path, generously broad, flanked by tremendous hedges of the well-be-loved Boxwood, most luxuriant and lavish of evergreens. Up the wide steps into the wainscoted hall, where dim paintings of old Hairstons and massive furniture, mellow with age, bespeak the lineage and standing of the house.

At sunrise next day the guests gather for the fox-hunt. The earlier ones walk in little groups through the fresh morning garden, the red-coats of the men flaring in the sun against the dark shine of the Box hedges. (Do you know the quickening tang of the Box when the dew is on it?) At last all are ready; to horse and away with a long haloo, a baying of hounds, and the silvery ring of the hunter's horn sounding ahead!

Back again in the late afternoon pleasantly a-tingle from the long ride, to watch the proud winner of the brush nail his trophy to the great barn door of solid oak. Then a placid cup of tea and cool ices in the sleepy afternoon garden, where the scent of mignonette and magnolia and marguerite rises sweetly with the spicy aroma of the sun-heated Box that is the garden's frame.

That evening with a thousand candles shimmering along the



A Garden Walk at Oak Hill



Courtesy of James River Garden Club

Box Hedges at Oak Hill

walls and in the mirror-like floor, the violins, the flute and the harp begin a tinkling minuet. All the splendor and daintiness of the old South is in that beautiful dance, so stately, so graceful, so delicate.

And there will be more than one fine youth and dear girl who will leave the gay ball to stroll, a bit silently, through the walk to the old moonlit garden, to stop a moment in a quiet curve of the winding path and listen to the faint notes of music and laughter floating out over the garden. The silent old Boxwood makes the path a bower of tranquility and peace, and in that scented retreat full many a troth has been plighted.

Oak Hill has always been maintained with munificence and plenty. There were in the old days a hundred devoted slaves to keep the garden ever lovely. There were wooly-headed picaninnies who would, as a respite from turning the haunch of venison on the spit, be marshalled out to cut the grass borders with knives. They would be sharply supervised by the older negroes, to the most careful of whom was intrusted the clipping of the Box hedges; for every Colonial garden had its Boxwood, and the owners took great pride in growing perfect and vigorous specimens.

There is a pile of old brick in one corner of the garden which marks the site of a long-ago school-house. Education was a family matter then, and in this small building the young Hairstons were brought up as Southern gentlemen with a firm grounding in the classics and history. It was in this school, too, that their neighbors, the "Stuart boys," learned the three r's. One of these became General J. E. B. Stuart, that adored Confederate hero, who is so sympathetically portrayed in John Drinkwater's play, "Robert E. Lee."



Small Box Garden at Farmington, Showing Corner of the Conservatory



Boxwood in Sweet Briar Garden, Amherst County

BARBARA FRIETCHIE'S BOXWOOD



HERE "the clustered spires of Frederick stand green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland" there is a substantial old brick house, in a fine garden, square set to the roadway, with dormer windows and white shutters open against the warm red of the walls. It was from these very dormers that a brave, strong-hearted old lady, Barbara Frietchie, once defied a whole regiment of the Confederate Army.

"Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

"She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said."

That cry of staunch, unfaltering loyalty has come thrilling down the years to stir the hearts of all who love courage.

Barbara Frietchie was a fine old lady who believed in "plain living and high thinking." On week-days she wore a calico dress of Quaker grey; on Sundays a black cashmere or alpaca for church. There are still a few in Frederick Town who can recall her in her garden, weeding, gathering herbs, clipping her loved Box bushes, or knitting under an apple tree. She was never idle. "Her language was always chaste, and entirely pure." She often sat there, too, with her Bible, a great ponderous volume bound in calf with two oak boards for sides. Legend says she kept her famous Union flag in this book on rainy days. Her life was simple, but what she had was of the best. She it was who owned the beautiful set of



china, which had been borrowed by the ladies of the town when Washington was entertained there. And her garden, where from earliest spring to late autumn she lived her sweet and upright life, was of the best type, beautiful with perfect Box bushes, great sturdy clumps, green and pungent, and with beds of chrysanthemums, roses and dahlias.

Now that true-hearted old lady is gone from the garden and rests in a grave marked simply with B. F. and a flag, but her staunch spirit is immortal in Whittier's ballad, and in what remains of her garden—the beautiful Box bushes she planted and cared for.



ırtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

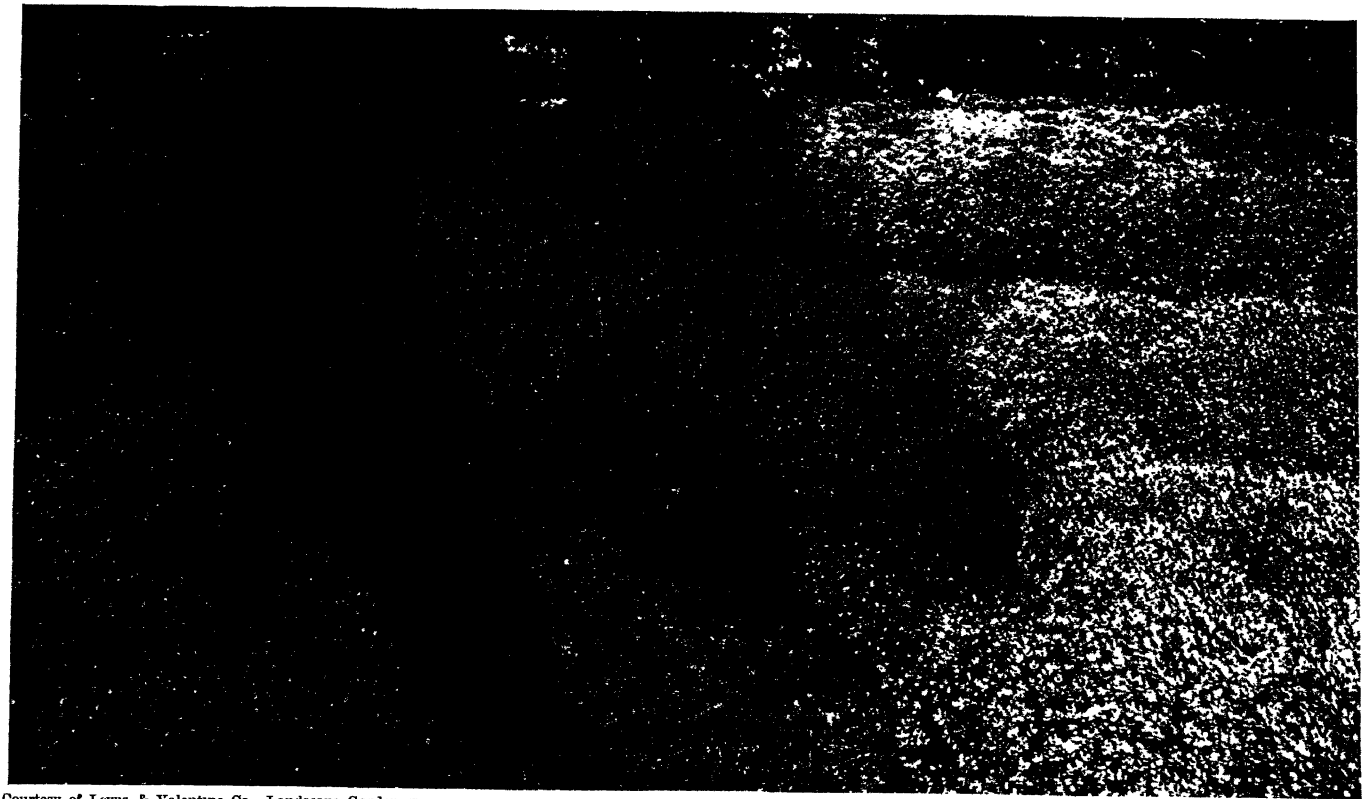
THE BONAPARTE BOXWOOD HEDGE

HOW often we find that the prosaic days of the present time are linked up with the romantic days of the long-ago by the spicy witchery and shaggy greenery of an old Boxwood.

The removal of such a hedge, a remarkable wall fully seven hundred feet in length, of genuine Boxwood from the ancient garden which was once a part of the famous old country residence called "The Homestead," cause many interested folk to turn back to a fascinating page in American history. For it was this very hedge that Jerome Bonaparte, later to become a king, planted during his honeymoon.

It is a romantic story, rather an exotic one in these practical democratic days of ours. But, it is an interesting one, though students of the fateful life of Napoleon may already be familiar with its details. It takes us back to the time of the gay fall races in the year 1803 in the prosperous town of Baltimore. A distinguished guest was to honor the occasion that year, none other than young Jerome, brother of the Corsican First Consul of France. Ordered home by Napoleon, he had stopped at Baltimore where he was immediately lionized by the local society. And during his entertainment he was invited to dinner at the home of the principal French resident of the city, to which all of the gay people of Baltimore were to assemble. Among the guests was Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of a wealthy merchant, and the most beautiful and haughty debutante of the season. The first meeting of this young couple, so soon to take a tragic part in the history of those ambitious days, was romantic to the extreme.

It was while the guests were waiting the approach of the dinner hour that Betsy Patterson and her friend Henrietta Pascault stood at the window watching the arrival of two young men. One was M. Reubell, son of Reubell the Director. The other was a small,



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

A venerable Boxwood hedge transplanted to the estate of Louis Tiffany, Esq. Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island.

graceful, spare, dark-eyed man with hands as delicate as a woman's, and clothed in the rich uniform of a French naval lieutenant. This was Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the man who later sought to become Emperor of the world. Miss Pascault, perhaps in jest, pointing to the approaching figure of M. Reubell, exclaimed, "That man, whoever he is, will be my husband!" "Very well," rejoined Miss Patterson calmly, "I will have the other." Within three months both of these marriages took place.

Jerome and the haughty, charming, clever American girl had fallen desperately in love. Forgetting the wrath of Napoleon, and all of the riches and regal splendor which awaited him in France, Jerome thought only of becoming this dazzling creature's husband. Betsy, on her part, saw a glittering future in which there was every promise of a court and a crown. Only her father, forseeing the probable intervention on the part of Napoleon, sought to break off the match.

And so on Christmas Eve, 1803, Betsy Patterson was married to Jerome Bonaparte. The ceremony was performed by the Catholic Bishop of Baltimore and every civil precaution was taken in the marriage contract against its future rejection. It is said that as she stood beside her husband that evening she seemed like a fairy bride, though beneath her fairy-like self was concealed an iron will and dauntless ambition which later stood in marked contrast to the weak nature of young Bonaparte.

Soon after the wedding the young couple moved to "The Homestead," a country seat just outside the city of Baltimore, surrounded by the estates of many of Baltimore's leading citizens. The weeks which followed were the happiest of Elizabeth's life. During lulls in the gay social season of their little colony, the young Bonapartes spent much time in their new garden. That spring they supervised the planting of a Boxwood hedge, which was to surround the entire garden.

It is pleasant when one does not remember all of the turbulence and unhappiness and change which were to come in after years to



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

A planting of unusual interest on the estate of Charles M. Schwab, Esq., at Loretto, Pa. Boxwood, when protected in winter, will live in any Middle Western city.

think of those sweet garden days when together they planted that Boxwood hedge. And yet they realized that they would not remain to see it grow up, for already they were yearning for the wider fields beyond their Boxwood garden. In May, 1804, Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor. The gratification of this long-nurtured ambition incensed him all the more against the marriage of his younger brother to an American nobody. Denying the legality of the marriage he held Jerome guilty of a heinous offense against him and against France. In the face of these rumors of opposition and implacability, Jerome and Elizabeth finally sailed for France in the early spring of 1805. They reached Lisbon on the 2nd of April, where they were met by Napoleon's ambassadors who refused to allow Miss Patterson to land. Jerome had to face his brother alone, and the result was inevitable when his weak nature was pitted against his brother's indomitable one. After a tearful farewell, in which Jerome swore to remain faithful, come what might, the couple separated, little dreaming that they were to see each other but once more in all the years to follow. Finding the ports of continental Europe closed against her by her enemy, she sailed for England where she was given a warm and curious welcome. Here on the 7th of June, her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born.

In the meantime, the Emperor had broken down Jerome's feeble resistance and ordered him to secure a divorce. Pope Pius the Seventh was likewise summarily ordered to grant the divorce, but to the surprise and wrath of the Emperor, he refused, and was forthwith imprisoned in the Chateau of Fontainbleau.

As a reward to Jerome's submission to his brother's will, he was made King of Westphalia and married to the Princess Frederica Catherine, daughter of the King of Wurttemberg. In a few years by his magnificent and foolish extravagance he had bankrupted his Kingdom, and after the Battle of Leipsig he was compelled to flee to Switzerland. In after years he returned to France, becoming governor of the Invalides in 1848 and in 1850 a French

Marshal. He died in 1860. Only once in all these years did he ever see Elizabeth Bonaparte again. It was in the year 1822 in the gallery of the Petti Palace in Florence where one day she came suddenly face to face with Jerome and his second wife. She passed them by without a word.

But if the faithless Jerome's fortunes waned in Europe, Betsy Bonaparte legally Betsy Patterson, once more, went from social success to social success in all of the courts of Europe. And yet, despite her splendid reception wherever she appeared, due to her wonderful beauty and her sharp cleverness, a deep bitterness gnawed ever at her soul, a cankering grievance against the destiny which had held out a queen's crown to her and then had hastily whisked it away again. All the rest of her life she felt the bitterest contempt for the husband who had abandoned her. And yet, in after years, when she walked slowly and wearily up and down the garden paths of "The Homestead," where she sometimes went between her visits abroad, and felt the fragrance of the sun-drenched Boxwood rise to her, she would say to herself, remembering the Jerome of those far away days who had planted that shaggy hedge with her by his side: "Jerome loved me to the last. He thought me the handsomest woman in the world and the most charming. After his marriage with the Princess he gave the court painters several miniatures of me, from which to make a portrait, which he kept hidden from the good Catherine."

Small comfort you will say. But she has been dead long since. She lived to be ninety-four years old. As it says upon her tomb, "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well." And now the ancient Boxwood hedge which played its part in her romantic, yearning life, is being brought away. Surely it has beheld its share of the pomp and sorrows of this life since those days when it heard the swish of silks and satins as Jerome Bonaparte and his beautiful wife walked slowly along the garden walks at "The Homestead."

THE OLD ROMANS AND THEIR BUXUS

THE gorgeous and elaborate gardens of the Old Romans, the Echo of whose wonders has come down the ages in legend and romance, were the climax of centuries of gardening. We know that four thousand years before the birth of Christ there lived an Egyptian nobleman whose fruit, vegetable, and flower garden, formally laid out, was described on his tomb. Solomon and Semiramis had spacious walled gardens where their wives and concubines went to bathe, to play the lute, or to toy with their pet monkeys. Even the Phoenicians, sea-roving as they were, had beautiful gardens, and are responsible for transporting many Asiatic plants and shrubs to Carthage and Rome.

An early Oriental garden is described in Sir William Temple's "Garden of Epicurus." Innumerable fruit and shade trees flourished within its enclosure and "all sorts of Plants pleasant to the Eye, the Smell, or the Taste." Boxwood grew there, but probably not in hedge form, rather as individual shrubs. There was a "Harbour for all sorts of Wild Beasts," and paths for the "Pleasure of Riding and Walking." One painting of such an Oriental garden is shown at the British Museum, where the King reclines in the shade on an elaborately carved couch; slaves are fanning him; and his wife is singing to him and accompanying herself on the zither. A pleasant detail is the head of a captured enemy swinging in the branches of a nearby tree!

The Hanging Gardens at Babylon were probably made in four receding terraces to form a pyramid of greenery. The Romans may have patterned their terraces after them. There were other famous hanging gardens throughout the East, though there is not much definite information about them. We do know, however,



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

This garden, with clumps of Box against the balustrade, might well have grown in a villa near Old Rome. The estate of Charles M. Schwab.

that when the space was restricted they painted frescoes and murals on the walls to make the garden seem larger.

Greek gardens, like all early gardens, were a combination of the utilitarian and the decorative. They were chastely classic and rectangular in form to follow the lines of the severely plain houses they adjoined.

The garden of Alcinous is the best-known of these, and it must have been what Homer calls it, "a splendid gift of the Gods," with its fountains and fruit trees and marble arbors.

> "Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
> Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
>
>
>
> Where interwoven branches form a wall
> And from the living fence green turrets rise;
> There ships of myrtle sail in seas of Box;
> A green encampment yonder meets the eye."

This is the earliest record of a Box hedge which had been carved and shaped; and since the Greeks were the sculptors of it, it must have been handsome and of fine proportions.

The first Roman gardens were reflections of the garden customs of the civilizations which had gone before them. They were terraced like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, because their hills and steep slopes made it necessary. Cypress and Box flourished, and they placed marble statues and waterjars and benches, brought from Greece or made by captives, against the dark green of their foliage.

Rome was overcrowded and noisy with "the populi," and its bloody gladiatorial contests and cock-fights and chariot races. Small wonder that the wealthy moved into the country, that beautiful Italian country, to villas where peace and rest could be found. The excellent paved Roman roads made travel pleasant, and so it came about that

> "—both her Kings and consuls held the plough
> And gardened well."



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

Boxwood is essential in a formal garden to soften and mellow the general effect. From the estate of W. R. Coe, Esq., at Oyster Bt

Cicero and Lentullus were authorities on the culture of beans and peas. Cato raised excellent asparagus. The Emperor Diocletion is said to have "contemplated his cabbages with even more enjoyment than the agonies of the Christians whom he slowly tortured to death."

But of all the early gardens, Pliny's is the best known, and it is interesting to find in his detailed account of it how often he refers to *buxus*, Boxwood. His garden overlooked the Tuscan Sea at Laurentium and is readily found if you "quit the high road at the 14th stone." The house had a great portico fronting a terrace "embellished with various figures and bounded with a Box-hedge, from whence you descend by an easy slope, adorned with the representations of divers animals in Box answering alternately to each other into a lawn overspread with a soft Acanthus; this is surrounded by a walk enclosed with tree Box, shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the Gestatio (a broad path through which one might be carried in a litter) laid out in the form of a Circus, ornamented in the middle with Box cut in numberless different figures, together with a plantation of shrubs, prevented by the shears from shooting up too high; the whole is fenced in by a wall covered with Box, rising by different ranges to the top."

The hippodrome or circus for exercise was reached by "several alleys that wind in and out to meet in the end of a series of straight walks divided by grass-plots, or Box trees cut in a thousand shapes," some of the letters forming the Emperor's name, others the name of his gardener.

There were always three main gardeners: a villicus, or vividarius who attended to weeding, transplanting, etc.; a topiarus who carved the shapes in the Box trees and hedges; an aquarius who tended to all of the summer watering, and to the elaborate system of fountains, and to the hot water for the greenhouses, where in winter grapes, melons, gherkins and greens and roses for garlands were grown.

The paths were often of intricate mosaic, and remains of them



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co, Landscape Gardeners

A charming planting of Boxwood, rhododendrons and dogwood at the estate of Eugene Meyer, Esq., at Mount Kisco, N. Y.

are constantly being upturned in the hills of Italy, beautifully soft-tinted memories of those lovely gardens.

The xystus or parterre was made of complicated figures, almost geometric, edged with dwarf Box, sometimes filled with flowers, sometimes not, as the charm was supposed to lie in the perfection and elaboration of the design. Balanced statues, fountains, or Topiary work in Box marked the angles and axes of the parterre.

The early Christians in and about Rome had gardens of herbs, and perennials in Box-bordered beds, and here they must have found solace from their persecutions. One of them has now become the Patron of the Garden, Saint Phocas, whose statues at St. Mark's in Venice and at the Cathedral of Palermo show him as a great old man with a fine beard, dressed as a gardener and leaning on a spade.

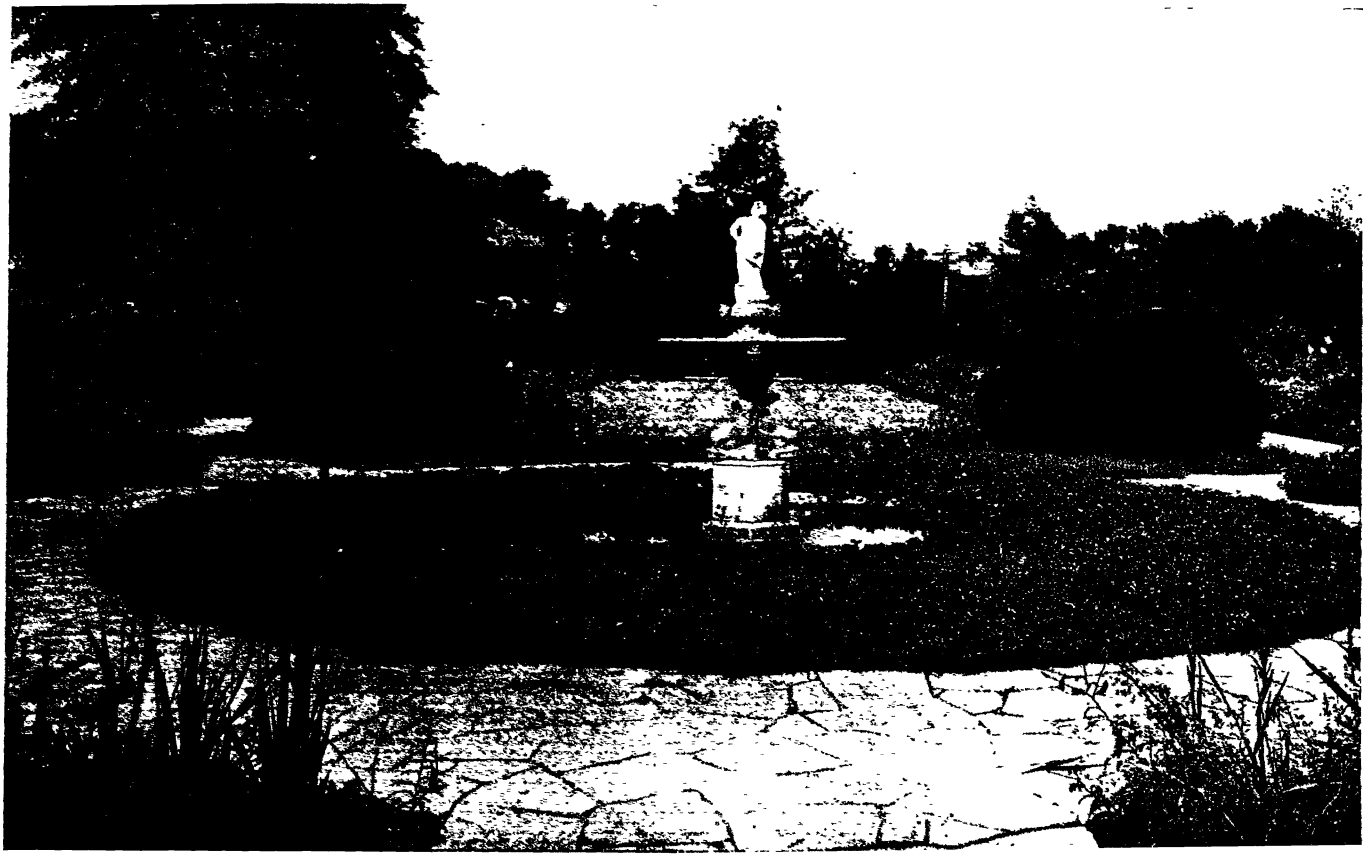
Legend says that at the end of the Third Century he lived in a cottage outside the gates of Sinope in Pontus. Here he tended a small garden where he raised vegetables for the poor and for himself and carefully watched over the herbs from which he made simple remedies for sick folk. The neat beds were edged with Box and flowers and vegetables thrived there companionably, violets and leeks, crocuses and melons, roses and cabbages. His life was very gentle, filled with prayer and service, and he seemed secure in his little sanctuary from the ravages of the mercenaries who were hunting out the Christians to kill them.

One evening two strangers came by his door at nightfall. He took them in, as was his custom, bathed their feet, fed them. As they were about to retire, they told him that they were searching for one Phocas, a Christian, to kill him.

As they slept, Phocas passed with his spade to the garden and after an hour of prayer dug in the center plot a grave.

In the morning he stood beside it and said to the two strangers: "I am that Phocas whom you seek. Kill me."

The soldiers hesitated to take a life so gentle and harmless, whose hospitality had sheltered them. But after all they were but



mercenaries; so they drew their swords and Phocas fell into the grave in the center of his garden. There he rests with the Box hedges ever green about him, the kindly old patron saint of all gardeners.

It was the early Christians like Phocas who kept the art of gardening alive during the Dark Ages when barbarian hordes swept down over the splendor of Old Rome. Monastery gardens alone, survived, but in them was preserved much horticultural lore, which flowered in those supreme gardens of the Renaissance, which were the forebears of our Italian gardens in America.



BOX HEDGES OF OLD MONKS



HERE were two very different kinds of Old Roman gardens in England long ago. The earliest was the type which belonged to the legionnaries who constructed the Roman roads and walls in Britain before the birth of Christ. They were rich men, with plenty of slaves, with a love of luxury, and homesick for sunny Italy they tried to reproduce its gorgeous villas and gardens in the North Country. One of these is described in "A Book of Old World Gardens":

"Houses, parks, and fields now cover the gardens that were attached to Roman villas. Many a man lives over the spot where the hedges and alleys, the flower-beds and walks, once delighted those gentlemen who sat drinking Falerian wine poured from old amphorae dated by the year of the consul. Where sheep now browse, gentlemen have sat after a feast of delicacies—Syrian plums stewed with pomegranate seeds; roasted field-fares, fresh asparagus; dates sent from Thebes—and having eaten, have enjoyed the work of their topiarius, whose skill cut hedges of Laurel, Box and Yew into the form of ships, bears, beasts, and birds."

But the kind which has survived to this day is the old monastery garden, whose ancient Box hedges and strange herbs still live in abbeys and cloisters throughout the island.

St. Augustine was sent to Canterbury in 597 A. D. to "convert the blue-eyed Angles into Angels." His hardy little band of monks brought the plow with the cross, for meat of four-footed beasts was prohibited at that time, and the holy men lived principally on vegetables and fish.

They had to clear a plot from the forest and wall it about for protection and for privacy, and within the shelter of the walls for hundreds of years they raised their vegetables and flowers and herbs oblivious of the tumult waging without.



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co, Landscape Gardeners

Boxwood and roses in a walled garden.

Inside of the stone barricade there was a hedge of evergreen, usually of Tree Box or Yew.

"The hegge as thick as a castle wall,
That who that list without to stand or go
Though he would all day prien to and fro
He shoulde not see if there were any wighte
within or no!"

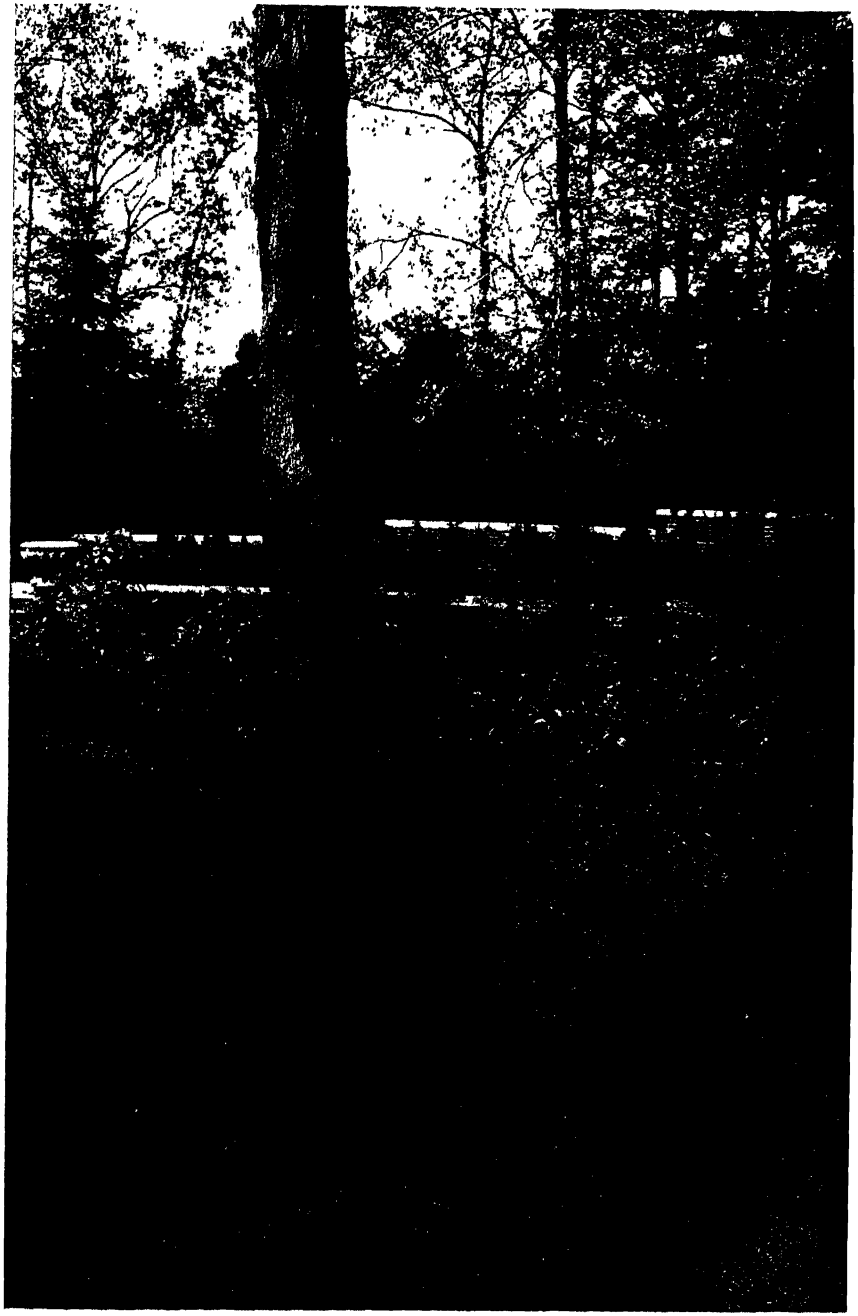
This hedge also served the purpose of keeping the monks from having their attention wander from their duties to the outside world. They could not even peep at it if they wished, through this double enclosure.

However, some monastery gardens had a mound in the center, and very devout monks were allowed to climb to its height and thence gaze out over the hedge and the wall at the country-side. Such mounds have appeared in later enclosed gardens, and there is one at Hampton Court called the Mount of Venus.

Within the hedge the garden was divided into four sections. There were flower beds, Box-bordered, for although the very early Christians disdained flowers as symbols of paganism, they were considered by this time suitable decorations for the altars, and even used to point simple morals, especially the rose, whose thorn was supposed to suggest mortification of the flesh.

The second section was devoted to beds of "simples" and "physics," herbs with which the good men bound up the wounded and sick who were brought to them from the constant warfare going on between feudal lords and barons. The monastery constituted a sauctuary which war could not violate, and so it turned out that often enemies from opposing sides would be brought to the same monks for treatment, and would convalesce amicably together behind the green hedges of the peaceful garden.

The vegetable garden was by far the largest section, and every variety of vegetable was cultivated there, all in prim oblong beds



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

A woodsy corner of the Bradley Martin, Esq., Garden where Boxwood is grouped naturally.

exactly identical, with neat dwarf Box clipped borders to emphasize their precision.

The fourth section of the monastery garden was a combination orchard and burial ground, and it is not surprising that these resolute Christians did not dread death when they could rest so quietly in the sun-flecked shade of the blossoming fruit trees of those tranquil walled gardens.

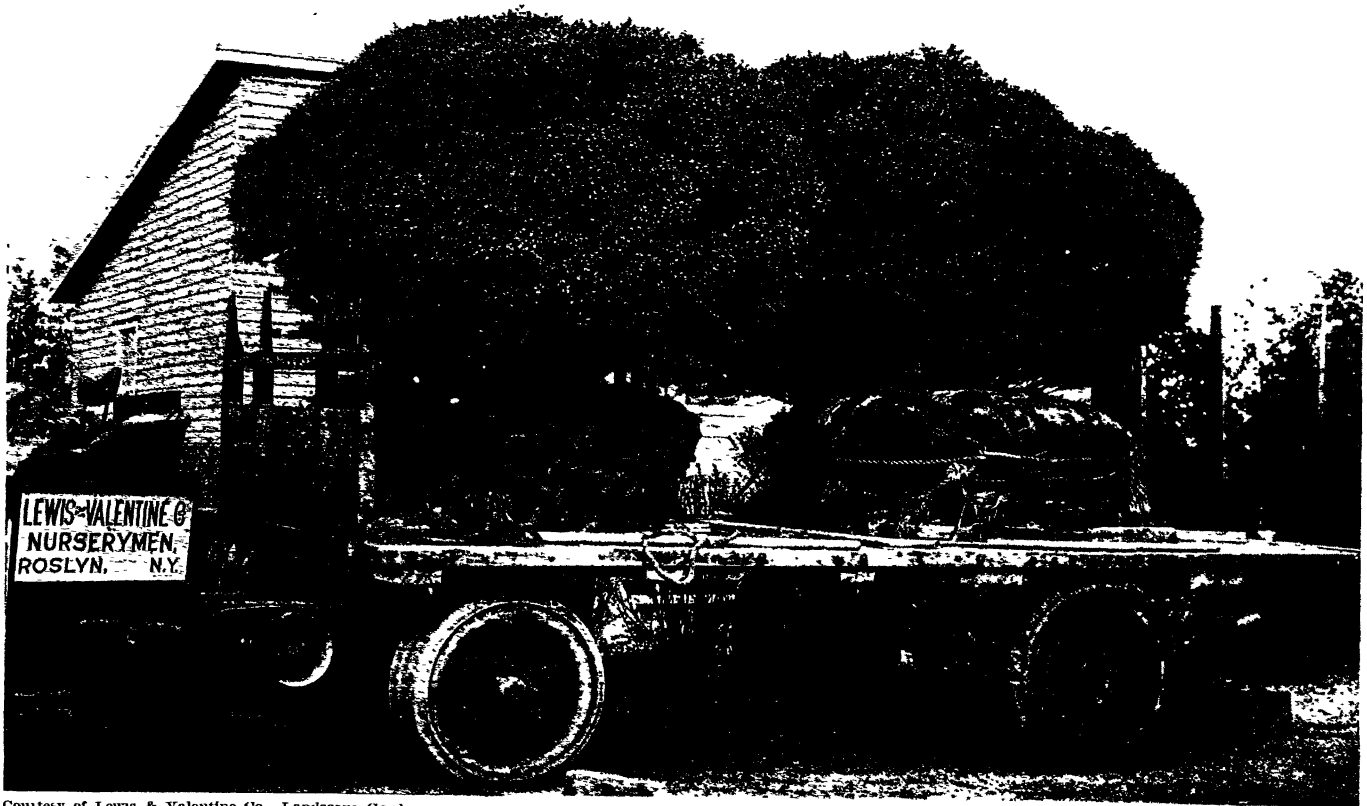
There is an old record in an illuminated manuscript which recounts that Augustine had a gardener who attended "hourely in the garden for setting of herbis, and clipping of knottis, and sweping the said garden clene." But the usual practice was for the monks to work in changing squads, some in the kitchen, some at church rites, some in the garden.

When convents and nunneries appeared in England the women were supposed to take the spade with the veil, and to tend their cloistered gardens just as the monks did. They wove beautiful garlands for the sacred statues, for the altars and refectory, but were usually too delicate for the rough manual labor necessary to bring blossoms and food from that untilled, virgin soil. Heloise, the abbess of Paraclet, in one of her letters to her beloved Abelard, complained that it was unreasonable to expect the nuns to do the heavy agricultural work performed by the monks.

There are some of these gardens still growing about England, where one can see the gnarled and antique Boxwood set out by holy men centuries agone. One is at Battle Abbey, the first great monastery founded in England after the Norman Conquest.

William the Conqueror ordered it built on the site of the decisive conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and Norman armies, for he had made a vow as the battle raged, that he would erect a splendid chantry for the souls of the slain, if God would make him victor. "The high altar is said to mark the spot where Harold the King was killed and his body found by his betrothed after nightfall."

The monastery gardens here are laid out with a formal terrace bedded with geraniums and edged with Box, and there are em-



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

Special machinery is necessary for transplanting large pieces of Boxwood.

brasures in the thick wall where one may sit and look over the parterre to the woodlands and downs across which William and his army advanced.

One of the most interesting abbeys built by the Dominicans or Black Friars is the beautiful one still standing at Newstead, once the estate of Lord Bryon. There is a large pond or "stew" where the monks raised fish. There is the cloister garth, or square plot of grass before the entrance. There are two parterres enclosed with Box and marked out with Box-edged beds of flowers and herbs. The garden, like many ancient ones, was originally divided into what might be considered separate rooms by tall hedges of tree Box, to symbolize that "in my Father's house are many mansions."

Unfortunately Henry VIII, enraged at the church, ordered the dissolution of the monasteries, and their perfect old gardens have disappeared in many cases. But from the few which still live intact, and from the many scattered remains one knows what places of refuge and shelter they were, and one loves old Boxwood better because it once beautified these places of sanctuary.



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

Boxwood in the patio on the estate of Victor Morowitz, Esq., at Woodbury, L. I.

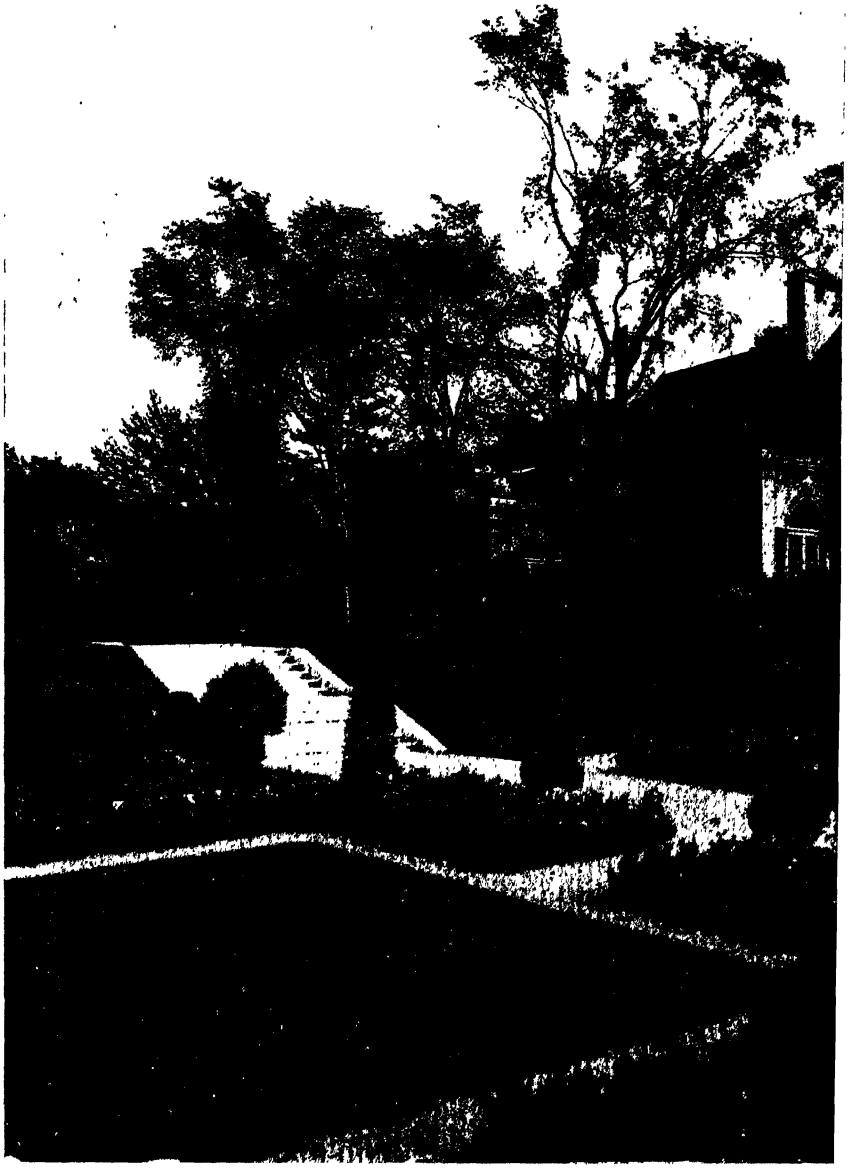
BOXWOOD IN SPANISH GARDENS

AMERICA'S rich heritage of Box came through many channels; English courtiers who were given great grants of land brought fine specimens from the formal gardens of their manor-houses; Puritans fetched slips from the pretty cottage gardens they were leaving "the better to worship God"; neat Dutch burghers carried roots of Boxwood from prim Holland flower-beds so that in the strange, new world tulips and hyacinths might spring up with a familiar border of evergreen about them; and, what people often do not realize, even the Spanish discoverers who came here first searching for the Fountain of Youth and the fields of gold, brought Boxwood from their luxuriant and colorful patios to beautify the courtyards of "New Spain."

Boxwood was introduced widely throughout Spain by the Moors who brought their exotic architecture and their Oriental shrubs with them when they swept from the East as conquerors. The Box thrived in the even climate and now there is not a garden in palace or monastery throughout Spain where hedges and knots and designs in Box do not grow abundantly, a shining green background for the flare of color that flames in every Spanish garden.

The Moors, being Mohammedans, would never carve their Box hedges into representations of beasts or men or any living thing, as did the French and English and Italians. However, they were fond of the most elaborate ornamentation and many of their parterres of Box-bordered flower beds were as complicated in design as Turkish carpets or as the rich mosaics of which the Moors were masters and which decorate their mansions and palaces. The most intricate Spanish heraldic symbols were marked out in their patios with Box and flowers.

Boxwood was also popular for the enclosures so dear to the Moor who loved the secret and the hidden. Every garden was



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

Boxwood Garden at Sands Point, L. I.—in the French Style.

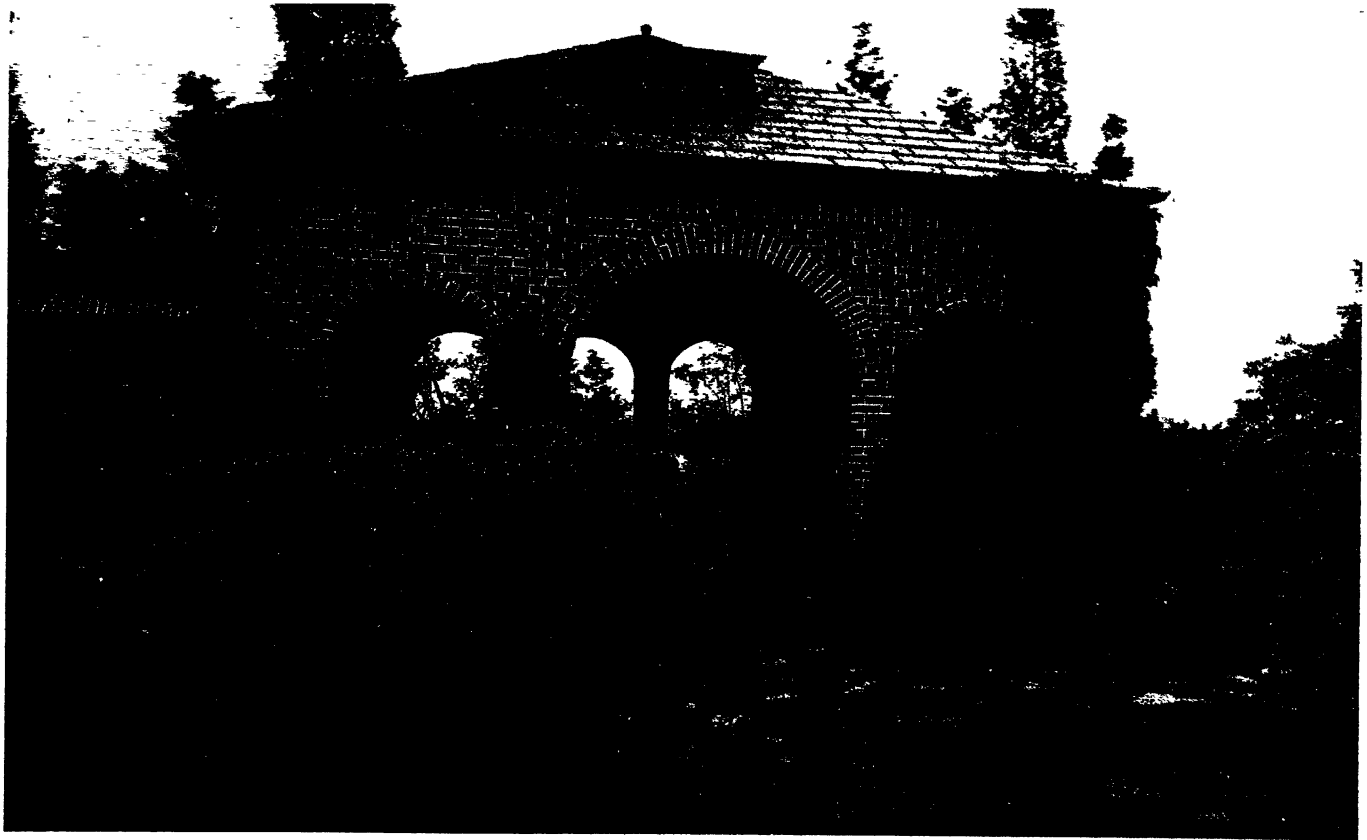
enclosed by high walls, of course, and within these were concentric absolutely opaque hedges of tall Box, high and thick. The same principle determined the planning of creole gardens in New Orleans, where a stone wall too high to be scaled presents a hostile expanse to the street, and the only hint of the loveliness within is a green glimpse through the grilled opening in the iron-bound door, and the heavenly fragrance of Box and magnolia and roses that floats out over the wall and into the wide world.

Every Spanish garden had a fountain or pool, for as the Andalusian copla runs—

"Garden without water,
House without a roof,
Wife whose talk is all
Scolding and reproof,
Husband who forgets his home
In a tavern revel—
Here are four things
Ready for the Devil."

Around these pools, where of a summer's day the harem would come to bathe, high Boxwood hedges circled to keep them secure from curious eyes. One of the most beautiful of these pools is a great round marble one in the gardens of the Alcazar. It was made by Pedro the Cruel for his mistress, Maria de Padilla. A tall Box circle, perfectly symmetrical, stands round it, its dark verdure and the white marble gleamingly contrasted. A tortuous path, Box enclosed, leads to the tiny entrance. Down this path the eunuchs would pass, one carrying high on his head a gold pitcher of perfume for the bath, another bearing a silver basket of rose petals to strew the ground beneath the feet of the beautiful Maria as she emerged from the pool. No other penetrated that secret place, kept inviolate by its great Box hedge.

The gardens of the Alcazar are of an unearthly and unbelievable beauty. They abound in giant Boxwood and in roses, climbing



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

roses with trunks as large as a man's forearm, and rose bushes of every kind and color. Then there are fruit trees, strange and pleasant, limes, figs, apricots, promegranates, peaches, citrons, palms, and flowers that blaze with vividness, poppies and poinsettas and orchids. The flower beds are of intricate design, all edged with dwarf Box and filled with a tangle of bloom. Here Isabella sat to receive Columbus, five centuries ago, and forgot to ply her needle through the canvas of her tapestry for listening to the glories of the New World and its strange wonders. These are the very Box-edged paths that Phillip the Second trod, morose over the loss of England, diabolically planning the Inquisition, amid the fragrance of jessamine and magnolia and orange-blossoms.

Helen Rutherford Ely, in her interesting essay on "Some Gardens in Spain," writes the following description of the gardens at Escorial, thirty-one miles from Madrid:

"The first we saw of these was the garden of the Palacio Real, that part of the great Escorial built first by Philip the Second as a cell in which to die, but added to by succeeding Kings and converted into a palace, and decorated by them in the style of the Renaissance. These gardens were devoid of flowers and consisted only of hedges, parterres, circles and squares, and triangles of the most wonderful Box I ever have seen, with paths running around and between them.

"From the shape of many of these beds of Box I imagine that they had originally been planted as edging for formally shaped beds, but with the lapse of time, had grown to form these solid masses of green."

Such a green garden is, however, unusual in Spain where color, the most brilliant possible, is everywhere. The stucco and plaster of the palaces was often tinted, and Boxwood is especially impressive against the texture of those walls. A stucco house is cold without the warmth of evergreen to relieve it. Even the paths were often colored, of mosaics of shells, of pink sand, of white and blue cobblestones set in patterns. There is one Mosque garden



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co, Landscape Gardeners

Planting of Boxwood on the estate of Captain Francis R. Mayer—"Boxwood," Hewlett, L. I.

near Madrid where the paths are paved with Moorish tiles, where the house walls are broken with irregular windows with warm brick sills, and where gutters end in grotesques and gargoyles colored weirdly. Opening directly from the sunny garden of Box and flowers is a cool kitchen, and walking through the paths one glimpses the gleam of copper and brass kettles and the shimmer of fine faience plates. It is very picturesque—Spain.

The monastery gardens were often centered around a pool, from which radiating paths led away through the formal Box-edged flower beds to a circular tall hedge of cypress or Box.

The palace gardens were often terraced, especially in the Hill country and near the Pyrennees. The gardens at La Granja, high in the hills, were laid out by Philip the Fifth in a series of terraces with Box-bordered beds in myriad designs and colors, with fountains spilling the crystal water of mountain streams down the falls and winding channels. They are one of the most gorgeous sights in the continent.

The Alhambra garden has a tremendous Box-maze, complicated and sombre and dark with age and long growth, which emerges suddenly on a parterre brilliant with poppies and phlox and oleanders.

When one sees what ravishing beauty glowed in Spanish and Moorish gardens, one is not surprised that Mohamet's idea of the Paradise of the Faithful was a garden. There the blessed would repose on couches of white silk lined with crimson and drink wine that would not intoxicate them, "wine that shall have the odour of musk, in bottles none but themselves shall open, mixt with the water of the fountain of Paradise, where the Cherubim do drink." Pages in shining green silk shall bring them rare fruits and lotus blossoms, and they shall be "adored by women as white as pearls with coal-black eyes."

Dion Calthrop, in the introduction to *Royal Palaces and Gardens,* writes: "In those great Spanish gardens I feel a little lost; they have in them the challenge of the East and its profundity and its unfathomable secret. The Moor is there in those gardens,



proud, reserved, polite, each man looking like an emperor. He holds the flower of a pomegranate in his hand, and smells it delicately."

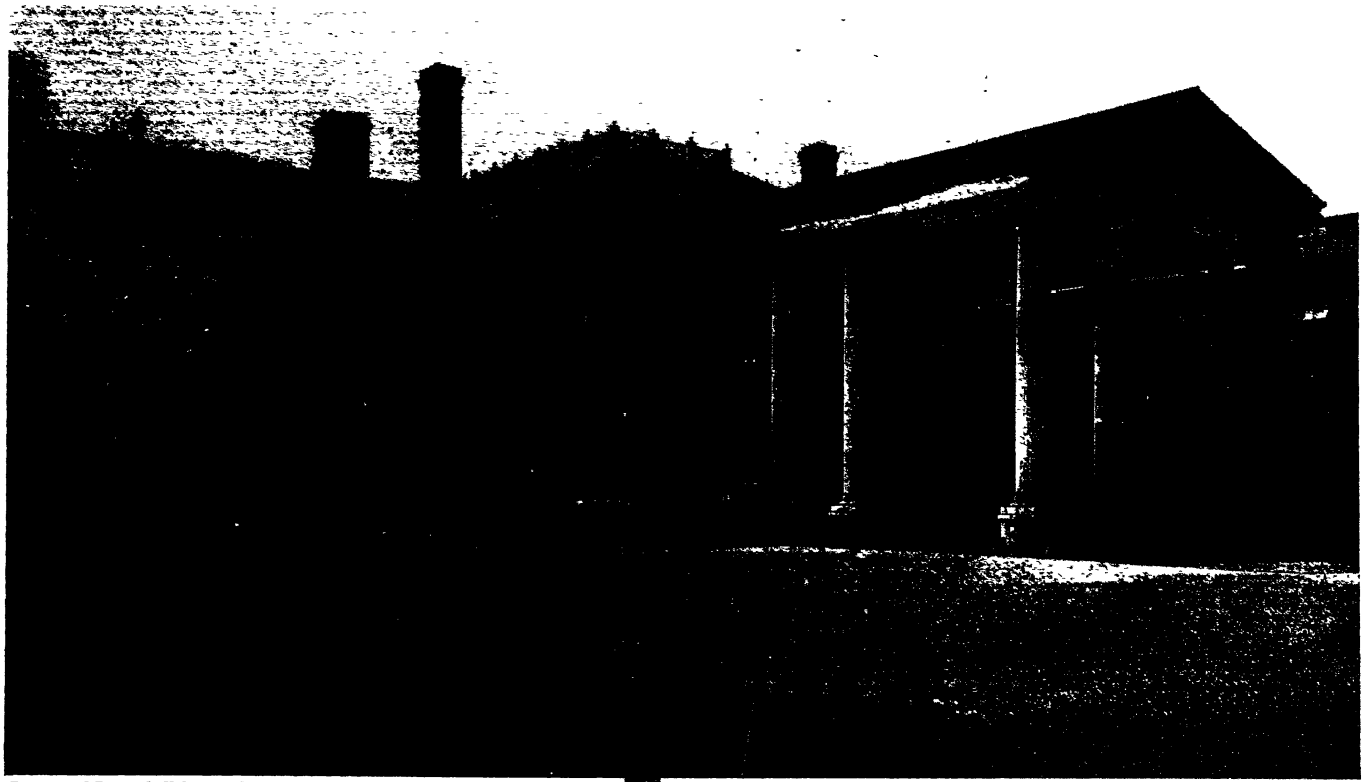
I see the phantom of this Moor hovering near our clumps of Boxwood; and somehow, when one knows its history, the pungency of Boxwood seems laden with the aroma of the mysterious East. Surely every "Castle in Spain" has Boxwood growing in its courtyard garden.



THE USE OF BOXWOOD IN ITALIAN GARDENS

GARDENS, like everything else beautiful which had been submerged by the Dark Ages, flowered into new glories with the Renaissance, and the exquisite grounds about the villas of the Medecis and the Borgias are the models after which the Italian Garden of today is copied. A genuine Italian Garden like the ones at Villa Lante at Bagnaia, the incomparable Villa d'Este at Tivoli, the superb old estates at Frascati, is a creation of loveliness as far removed from the cheap stiff affairs full of plaster of paris hideous ornaments sometimes called Italian gardens, as a masterpiece is removed from a lithograph. And yet our American skies are as blue as those above the Mediterranean; our spring and summer climate is not unlike that of Italy; we know now of a hundred flowers where the sixteenth century designer knew of but one; and old Boxwood, that essential part of every Italian garden will thrive here and is available.

To create an Italian garden demands imagination and art, and work. Often in the Renaissance a whole village was torn down to make way for one garden. The mosaic of paths and alleys and beds was laid out as carefully as a tapestry was planned. Fountains were built, and the insurpassable sculptors of the day, even Benvenuto Cellini and Michael Angelo carved them, women riding on swift dolphins, dragons casting forth great streams, nymphs wringing their long and lustrous hair. The Florentines of the Renaissance knew that no statue was an ornament unless it was a work of art, and because their gardens were the expression of their worship of the beautiful and the luxurious, they put the best talent of the day to work at modeling their garden sculpture. These marbles gleamed against dark-shining hedges of rich Box; shapely Box-trees in carved tubs stood at cross-paths; clipped Box-borders



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

Martin Hall, the estate of Dr. P. P. Satterwhite, Great Neck, L. I., where have been planted many large and rare specimens of old boxwood.

marked the beds of brilliant, exotic flowers they grew. There were citron groves, and grottos where the murmur of water falls re-echoed. There were wooded solitudes. There were aviaries where strange birds of rainbow plumage sparkled in the sun.

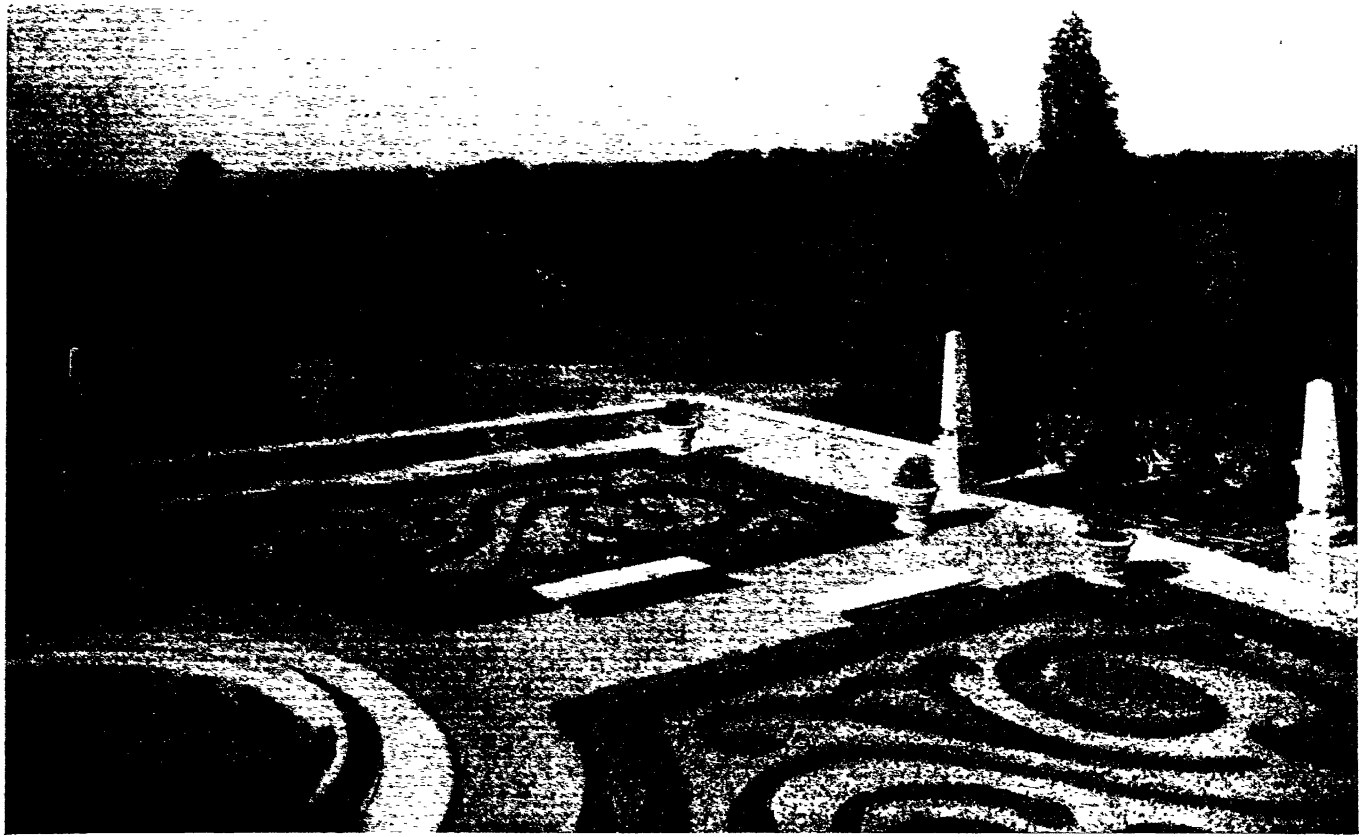
With such loveliness springing into being all around, it is no wonder that even Raphael helped to plan a garden, the one at Villa Madama.

The Vatican gardens were completed about this time (1560), and their sunken garden of Box is as fine as anything that has been done in landscaping before or since.

The design of an Italian garden with its symmetry, its parterres of shaped beds, its converging paths seems on paper stiff and unnatural. But in the growing reality lines are softened by ever-changing harmonies of foliage; the blending of colors and the contrast of the smoky green of olive trees and the rich verdure of the Box make one forget that it was ever "planned"; and "from the intimate union of art and nature, of architecture and landscape" is born ineffable loveliness.

"What dreams sleep in gardens! It is no effort to see those long-dead men and women in their brave clothes, the big women of Palma with their golden hair, the Violantes, Simonetta, that reed-like spirit of the Renaissance, the secret women of Leonardo, all the great wonders and beauties of those women Veronese painted, I see them all. And there are little boys with flaxon hair playing on flutes and mandolins, like the child angels Carpaccio drew. The Italy of Romance is always a garden to me, with Paradises as the Borghesi had 'contrived with shades of myrtils, cypresse, and box,' with pretty murmuring streams and fountains and bass-relievos. There should be a herd of deer here, and nets to catch wood-cock in the trees, and a Vivarie containing, among other things, 'that exotic fowl the ostridge.'"

There is an elegance of restraint about the formal part of the Italian garden. One authority on landscaping says that it is no



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

more unnatural to plan a garden formally than it is to cut grass. Another says:

"I have the same love, the same sense of perfect satisfaction, in the old formal garden that I have in the sonnet in poetry, the Greek drama as contrasted with modern drama; something within me is ever drawn towards that which is restrained and classic."

Moreover no Italian garden was entirely treated formally. The parterres near the house, classic in design, gradually blended into a more naturalistic treatment which led to the "solitudes" and grottos. Vernon Lee says:

"One great charm of Renaissance gardens was the skillful manner in which Nature and Art were blended together. The formal design of the *Giardino segreto* agreed with the straight lines of the house, and the walls with their clipped hedges led on to a wilder, freer growth of woodland and meadow, while the dense shade of the *bosco* supplied an effective contrast to the sunny spaces of lawn and flower bed. The ancient practice of cutting Box-trees into fantastic shapes was largely restored in the fifteenth century and became an essential part of Italian gardens. In that strange romance printed at the Aldine Press in 1499; the *Hypernotomachia* of Franceso Colonna, Polyphilus and his beloved are led through an enchanted garden where temples and statues stand in the midst of myrtle groves and labyrinths on the banks of a shining stream. The pages of this curious book are adorned with a profusion of wood-cuts by some Venetian engraver, representing pergolas, parterres, pillared *loggie,* and clipped Box of every variety, which give a good idea of the garden artist then in vogue."

When the bright wave of the Renaissance reached England, the lovely Italian garden began to appear about its castles and manor-houses. One of the oldest is at Wilton, where fountains and terraces and glades and parterres and clipped Box and statues make it seem like a villa near by Florence. There are some urns in the

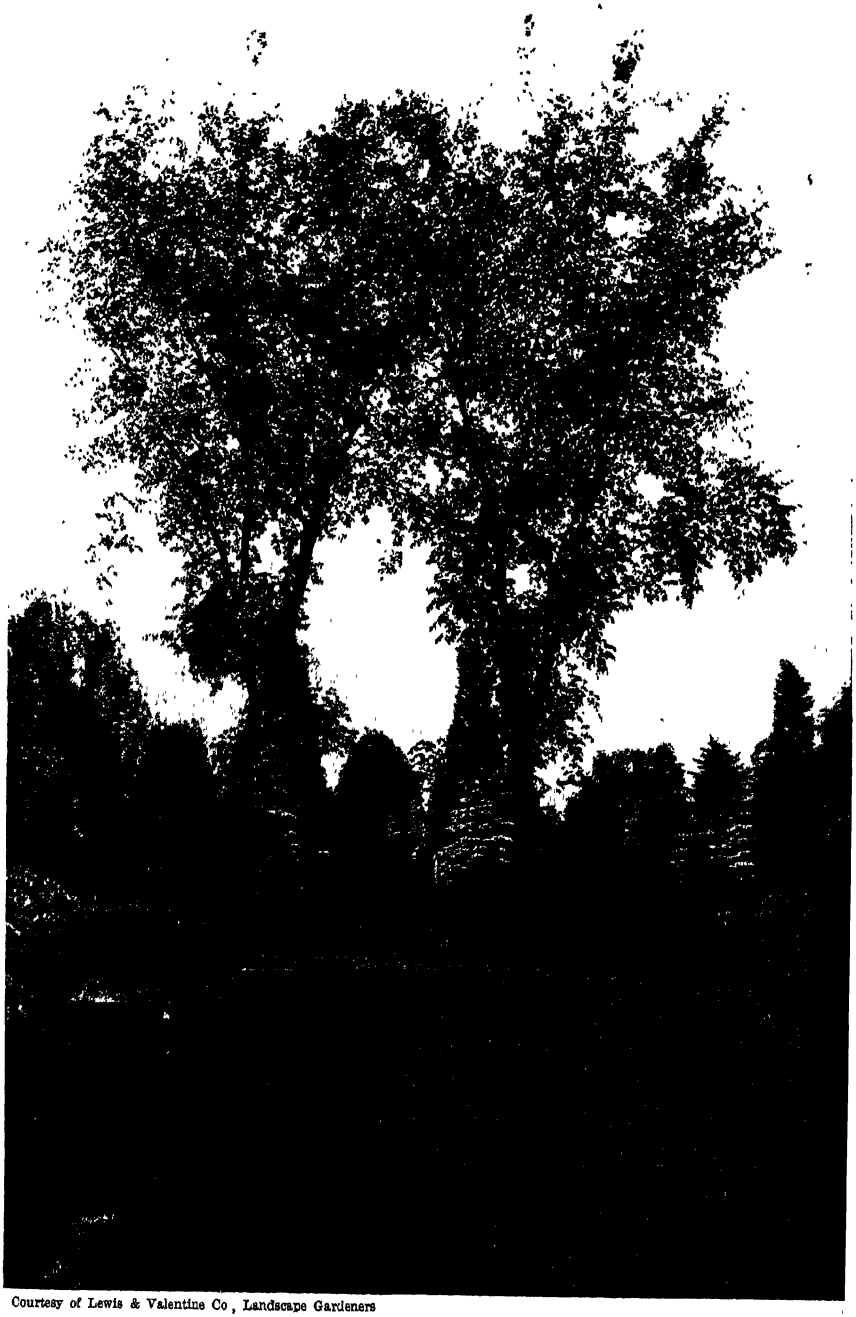


Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co, Landscape Gardeners

A rich corner on the Edgar Luckenback estate showing a planting brought to a climax at

gardens designed by Inigo Jones, and so we know that the English, like the Renaissance Italians, were employing their most excellent talent in garden designing. At Castle Ashby there is a garden copied from one at the Villa Albanie near Rome. Here the coat-of-arms and other intricate designs are marked out in Box and filled in with many coloured pebbles, and slate and granite-dust.

Thus, just as the language of Rome became an integral part of English with the Renaissance; just as Italian art influenced the Gothic cathedrals in Great Britain, just as bits of Boccacio appear in Chaucer and Shakespeare; so did the Boxwood of the Italian garden become transplanted somehow next to the English daisy. From there it has come over to us in America, across the seas with our first settlers; and now through knots of old Boxwood and green borders of it in Colonial gardens, we can trace our ancestry back to the glories of the Roman Empire and to the brilliance of the Renaissance.



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co , Landscape Gardeners

Graceful and cordial are these broad steps leading to the elm-tree arch. Box, in hedges and kusts, borders the approach. George D. Pratt estate.

THE GARDENS OF FRANCE

WHEN one thinks of French gardens, there comes always a picture of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV. One sees the "bosquets," vast pleasure grounds where all the nobility could play at Blind Man's Buff at one time. One sees the thousand fountains sending their rainbow spray into the sunlight. One sees the broad walks, made wide enough so that the satin hoop-skirts of Du Barry and Pompadour might not brush the dew from the Box-borders at their sides. One sees the covered arbours where lovers met, safe from observation behind the circle of Box hedges.

The gardens at Versailles bring back the magnificence of that spendthrift reign. Henry IV and Louis XIII had kept the peace by urging the noblemen to live at their own chateaux in the provinces. But Louis XIV, vain and pleasure-loving, wanted an admiring court constantly about him, and so he had palaces and gardens made to rival even the magnificence of the Roman Emperor Hadrian's. The gardens at Versailles, Marly, and St. Cloud were popularly supposed to have been designed and ordered in detail by the King. Though he got the credit for their beauty and pomp, they were in reality planned by a superb gardener, Le Notre, the fountains and statuary were designed by Le Brun, and Francini engineered the stupendous water features.

There were not the natural possibilities at Versailles which there were at Hampton Court in England, modeled after it somewhat later. But the King's will must be done, and so deserts became fountains, forests became sunny parterres, and hillocks became level avenues. It was a supreme example of man's dominion over Nature.

The existing gardens, the numerous plans and sketches which Le Notre made, and many descriptions from contemporary writers



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

A rambling house in French cottage style where huge Box bushes ornament the entrance. The estate of C. Hermann Kinnicut at Far Hills.

show that French gardens are constructed almost architecturally, with every detail made to help towards a definite result. Straight paths were always laid out to converge in the perspective. Trees were planted to obtain alternate light and shade. Every statue, even, was placed for a distinct purpose. The garden was planned to charm "les esprits, les Yeux, et les Oreilles."

Boxwood of every variety was used abundantly. Because of its slow growth, it could be depended upon to produce a certain effect—to reach a certain height, for instance, necessary in the ensemble—and to remain there. Its rich and deep coloring provided with the flowers the contrast and variety the French love. Its thick growth when close clipped made it admirable for dwarf edging in the "parterres de broderie" where shaped beds of every description made the terraces interesting. Le Notre loved broad stretches of water in whose blue and limpid depths a grove of Box trees would cast sombre shadows. He used Boxwood, too, for contrast with the many statues, urns, and benches with which the gardens were decorated. Then there was, of course, a labyrinth, most complicated and extensive, walled with Box.

The Versailles gardens were unusual not only because of their extent and elaboration, but because of the many unusual features, such as artificial echoes, cages for wild beasts, and even painted perspectives on some of the walls, as in old Roman gardens.

Le Notre followed four general maxims in his designing: "First, to make Art give place to Nature; secondly, never to cloud or darken a garden too much; thirdly, not to lay it too open; and fourthly, to always make it look bigger than it really is." These were the principles on which English gardens which imitated the French were constructed, and these are still the rules for one to follow who desires a genuine French garden.

Le Notre warned against "everything done by Dint of Money: such as High Walls to terraces, great stairs of stone like so many quarries, Fountains cluttered with Ornaments, and abundance of Arbours, Cabinets, and Porticos of Lattice Work filled with



Figures, Vases, etc., which show more manual art than anything else." He advised open spaces, through which vistas to distant hills might be obtained. He criticized many contemporary Parisian gardens because there was not enough mystery, but "you discover the whole at one view from the Vestibule of the House without troubling yourself to walk in them." To gain this impression of mystery and interest and suspense he used Box hedges extensively, not only because of their thick-growing foliage, but also because they would be cut into archways providing enticing glimpses of something farther within. He used many terraces and steps and different elevations to gain the effect of great expanse in little space. He also used avenues which radiated from a central pool or ornament, and he edged them with Boxwood, that the dark green emphasis might have the effect of lengthening them.

Hampton Court is the most notable example of a French garden in England. Unfortunately Queen Anne had a prejudice against Box, and to the horror of her court ordered the beautiful old hedges, the arches, the borders cut ruthlessly down. Even topiary work, the result of years of effort, was destroyed, although there was nothing in the garden so elaborate as the stag with greyhounds in pursuit, all carved in a Boxwood hedge at Versailles.

Versailles itself would have perished at the time of the French Revolution had it not been for the cleverness of Antoine Richard, the Queen's gardener, who suggested that it be kept "as a vegetable garden for the patriots." His ruse succeeded, the garden was in a great part spared, and now its fountains play as formerly, its flowers send up their fragrance to sunny skies, and the paths that the nobility trod still lead through aisles of Boxwood to the arbors and groves of the inner garden.



BOXWOOD IN THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND

MEN come to build stately sooner than to garden finely," wrote Lord Bacon in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This is certainly true of present day America where fine and splendid houses often stand starkly up looking crude and raw because no gentle garden, no softening shrub, no evergreen cluster is placed about their feet to give a setting, to blend them with Mother Earth, to make them look as though they belonged there.

There have always been gardens in England since the landing of the Romans, but the art of landscape developed more slowly than the art of architecture. Henry I had a garden chiefly as a covert for wild game. Henry II developed a large plot of ground into a Bear-garden, where the interest was not the beauty of Nature, but a brutal pleasure for King and Commons in seeing the bears baited by dogs on every holiday. These were the blood-thirsty early sportsmen who, Charles Lamb writes, exclaimed at sunrise: "Here's a fine day. Let us kill something!"

But art and civilization progress steadily though slowly and by the time of Queen Elizabeth, the Renaissance and prosperity and peace had turned England into a nation of gardeners. Even before this time Cardinal Wolsey had created the elaborate gardens at Hampton Court.

> "My garden sweet enclosed with walles strong,
> Embanked with benches to sytt and take my rest,
> The Knots so enknotted it cannot be expresst,
> With arbors and alyes so pleasant and so dulce
> To pestilent ayers with flavors to repulse."

The enknotted Knots, the arbors, the alyes, were Box-bordered, and we know that the "flavors" to repulse the "pestilent ayers"



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

were the fragrance of flowers and the pungent scent of Box. These are the sweet-smelling arbors and alleys where Henry VIII first flirted with the black-eyed Anne Bolyn, and where, years later, an infirm old man, he used to hobble in his last days.

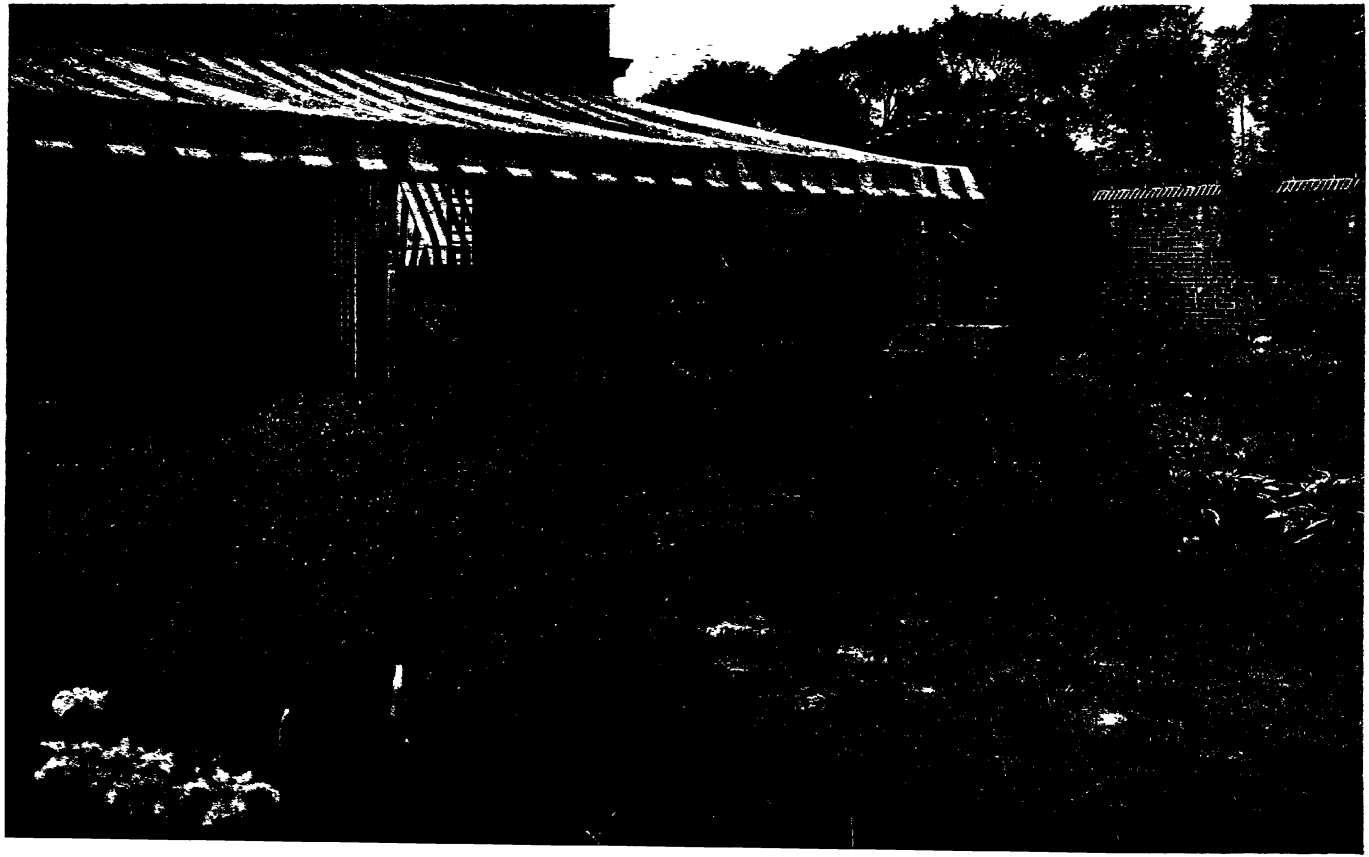
But it was the example set by the good Queen Bess and her nobles, together with widespread interest in Beauty due to the Renaissance, which made all England a bower during its Golden Age, and it has stayed so ever since.

Lord Bacon published his *Essay on Gardening* which was the standard authority of the day. There were four general principles which he laid down for every garden, and because Boxwood was suitable for the carrying out of each principle it was universally used, until now no Englishman thinks of a garden without thinking of Boxwood.

The first principle was that the garden should be in general rectangular to harmonize with the shape of the Tudor house, while interest should be given by mazes, knots, shaped beds, etc., to correspond with such architectural details as groups of windows, clustered chimneys, ornamental gables and so on. The "forth rights," or sides of the garden, were usually formed of tall clipped hedges of tree Box or Yew, and the pattern of the flower beds was bordered with dwarf Box.

The second principle was that colors in the beds should be mixed and blended to produce "a mosaic of rich, indeterminate color," interesting and varying at all seasons. The dwarf Box borders were the substantial permanent note of dark shining green against which these color schemes gleamed more brightly by contrast.

The third principle was to produce a garden which would be beautiful in winter as in summer. The evergreen Box so cheerily fresh through the long, grey months of winter endeared itself to every English heart for this reason, and one who has seen a great English Box-hedge packed with snow, knows that gardens may be as lovely in December as they are in June.



The fourth principle was to produce a garden which would delight not only the sense of sight, but also the sense of smell. So they planted Boxwood whose aromatic bitter-sweetness refreshed the wanderers in the garden, and came fragrantly in at the open windows on sunny afternoons or in spring evenings after a rainfall.

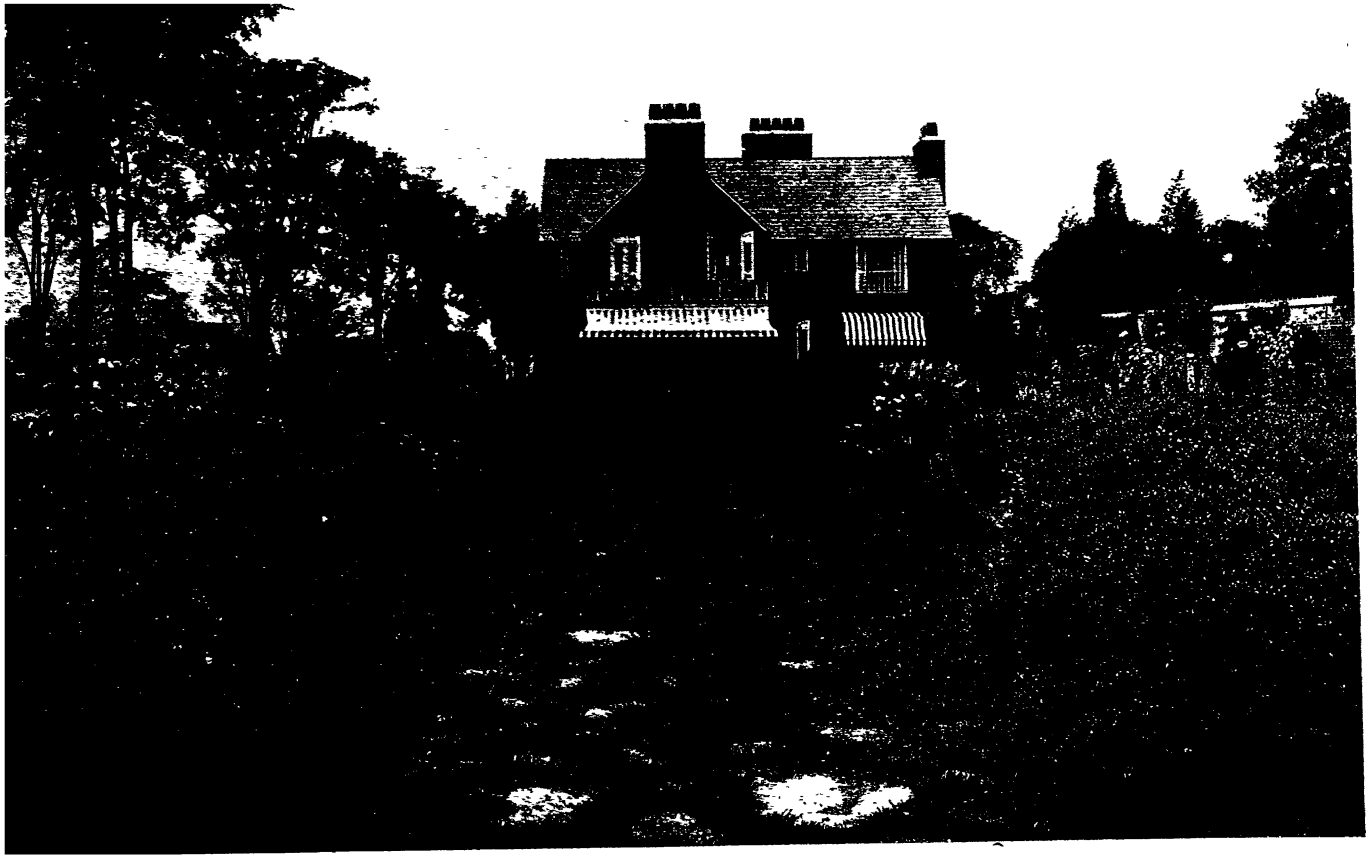
The Italian influence was being felt at this time and many elaborate topiary effects were carved in the Box-hedges. One Elizabethian gardener advertised for sale "a politer sort of ornament for villas and gardens—to distinguish these places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature."

He offered to cut family portraits of men, women, or children in evergreen. "Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle or their husbands in Box." His catalogue of sculptures ready for transplanting includes:

> "Adam and Eve in Box; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in a great storm: Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.
>
> "St. George in Box: His arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by next April.
>
> "A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.
>
> "A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.
>
> "A topping Ben Johnson in Laurel.
>
> "Divers eminent poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a penny-worth.
>
> "Noah's ark in Box, standing on the Mount."

This quaint catalogue shows to what lengths the enthusiasts for Topiary work had gone, and perhaps explains Bacon's violent indignation against them. Such things "be for children," he scornfully declared; "they be but toys."

Great was the argument which waged between its admirers and its enemies, probably because the enemies were disdaining dagons and animals in Box, while the defendants were speaking of Box-hedges with arches cut through, and of such less grotesque sculpture



as the sundials in Box which may still be seen at Oxford and Cambridge and in many Castle gardens, the finest being at Broughton and Warwick castles.

Lady Warwick says of her sundial:

"Never was such a perfect timekeeper as my sundial and the figures which record the hours are all cut out and trimmed in Box, and there again on its outer ring is a legend which reads in whatever way you please: *Les heures heureuses ne se comptent pas.* They were outlined for me, those words, in baby sprigs of Box by a friend who is no more, who loved my garden and was good to it."

Surely nothing that grows is more beautiful than a great, shaggy unclipped clump of Boxwood, but—

> "Had I but money and plenty, money enough and to spare," as Browning says, I should want, too, in my garden a sundial in Box, because it goes back in tradition to the Elizabethians and to Pliny and the old Romans who carved Box "in a thousand Formes," and because such a beautiful evergreen marking of the hours would make Time seem only part of a Fragrant Eternity.

"The Queen is in the garden eating bread and honey," sings the old nursery rhyme, because everyone in England lived in his garden, even the Queen. No wonder; for English gardens are lovelier even than their beautiful and mellow old castles, which were after all but man-made, while

"Only God can make a tree."

In *Royal Palaces and Gardens* the author says of the English gentleman in his garden: "He is the genius of the place; he is in a full-bottomed wig and a wide-skirted coat of claret-coloured silk. By his side are two water spaniels, behind him at his heels, a pointer. He has a pleasant, open face and a measured walk, and as the lace falls back when he lifts a hand to take a pinch of snuff, I see it is a strong, capable hand."



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

A hardy hedge of Boxwood at Belle Meade, Virginia.

It was such Englishmen, capable, wholesome, and with a fine reverence for tradition who planted and tended Boxwood in their most beautiful of gardens from the early days to the present. It was such Englishmen who brought Boxwood across the seas to our bleak shores, and rooted it about our earliest American customs. And now Boxwood, with its wealth of association and tradition has become a part of the truly American garden, and grows immortally here as it has for centuries in England, "with a steadfast, watching repose."



THE SPICY BOX THAT MARKS THE GARDEN ROW

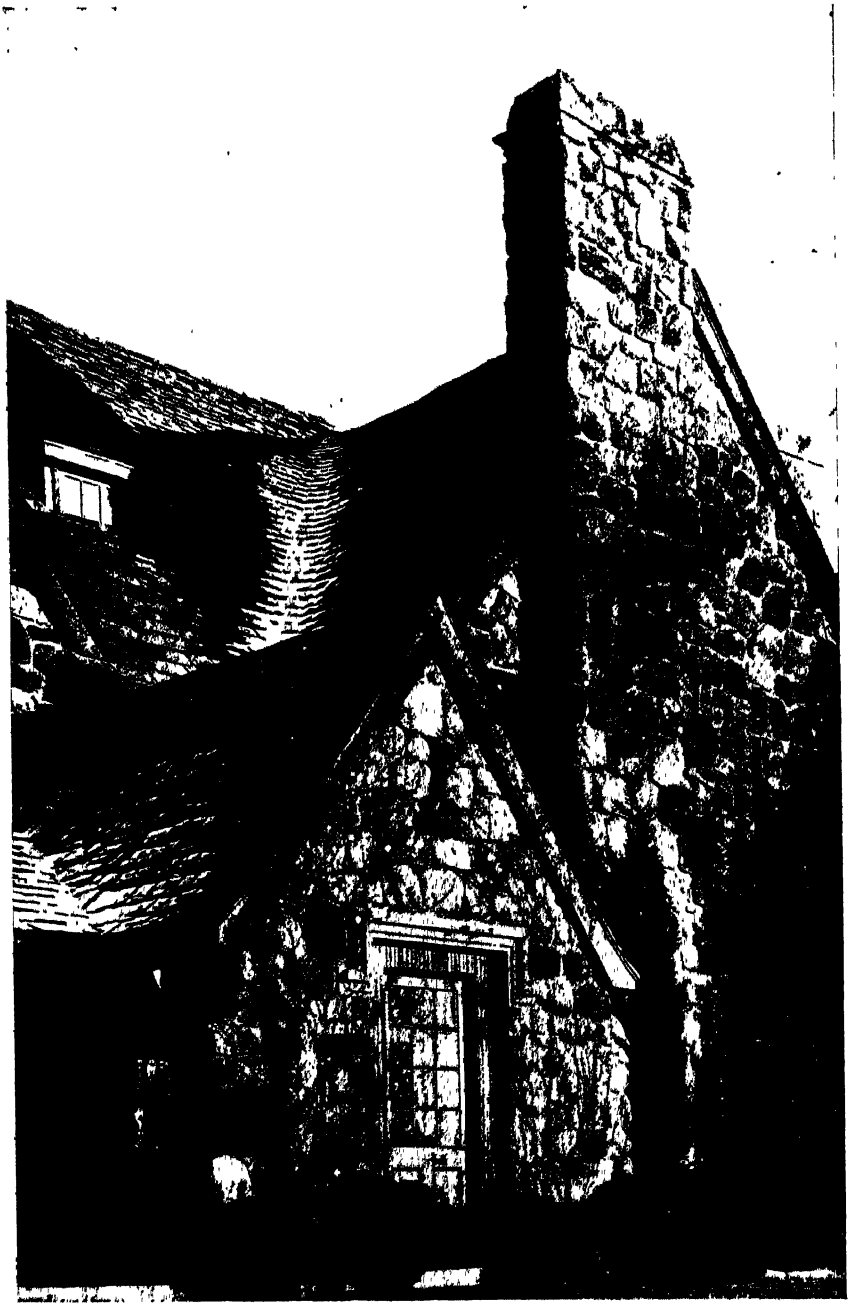
"If we ever lived on another ball of stone than this, it must be that there was Box growing on it."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



APPY is that man who has growing beside his doorway or down beside his garden path an old hedge or an old knot of Box. Fortunate is he who dwells where Boxwood flourishes, for on summer days when the warm sun sifts through its shaggy foliage and steeps the air of the whole garden with that clean, spicy, bitter-sweet odor, and on zero days when the perennial green of the Box with its glistening leaves keeps the garden living while the world outside is dead, the ancient Box with all its memories and associations will lend an air of Home-ness and Peace as no other plant can ever do.

Is it the fact that that old clump of Boxwood has been a century or a century and a half in growing, and once stood in one of those prim, long-ago gardens in which frail ladies in silken gowns and tall gentlemen with high-heeled shoes strolled along the terrace walks? Or is it perhaps that strange unanalyzable perfume, that old-time fragrant bitterness "which carries us out of time into the abysses of the unbeginning past," and makes our domicile, even reeking with the odor of new paint, to have a dignity and a grandeur and an antiquity which will mark it from other homes?

For certain it is that men have designed and planned and builded, and failed in the end, until there was added the final touch of the Boxwood. As one architect has said, "A planting of Box establishes immediately a colonial atmosphere—an atmosphere of home." Its shaggy green beauty knots up the landscape with the garden, and the garden with the home, and the home with all that is restful and harmonious and enduring.



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

Boxwood before the stone house of George Leonard, Esq., at Greenwich, Conn.

To live beside a hedge of old-time Boxwood is to be breathing continually the fragrance of eternity, and to become endowed with almost a hypnotic seventh-sense of memory. Ah, and what memories!

Gabriel d'Annunzio in his *Virgin of the Rocks* describes an old garden in which wanderers breathe the "bitter-sweet odor" of Box which reconstructs "some memory of their far-off childhood." Fortunate are those of us who can remember our grandmothers "culling simples" in amidst the sun-warm clumps of Box. Fortunate are those of us whose grand-children will in years to come remember us associated with the Box which has that "clean feeling of a vigorous old age," and bless us for planting it for them.

But farther back than childhood the memories reach—back to the days of the pagan Greeks who consecrated the Box of Plato that there might be beauty living evergreen in the Hereafter throughout the year.

And back six thousand years ago to when the prophet Isaiah told the children of the Lord of the glorious promise that God "will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the Box-tree together." Certainly such planting would make the bleakest desert become a place of rejoicing forever.

In the seventeenth century an old Jesuit poet, Rapin, wove a fanciful tale around the origin of Box edgings. He said that

> "Gardens of old, nor Art nor Rules obey'd,
> But unadorned, or wild Neglect betray'd;"

that "Flora's hair hung undressed, neglected, 'in artless tresses,' until in pity another nympth 'around her head wreath'd a Boxen Bough' from the fields; which so improved her beauty that trim edgings were placed ever after 'where flowers disordered once at random grew.'"

There is no knot of Box, no low-running border of it, no great shaggy hedge which does not go back in memory to Pliny's villa


LEWIS & VALENTINE CO

at Laurentium, to an Old Abbey Garden in early Britain, to the Renaissance parterre where the Medicis strolled, to gorgeous Versailles and the colorful days before the Marseillaise, to Merrie England when the Good Queen Bess reigned well, and down to Colonial America with its sturdy courage and greatheartedness.

Nathaniel Hawthorne says in the "American Note-Book" of the Colonists: "There is not a softer trait to be found in the character of those stern men than that they should have been sensible of these flower-roots clinging among the fibres of their rugged hearts, and felt the necessity of bringing them over sea, and making them hereditary in the new land."

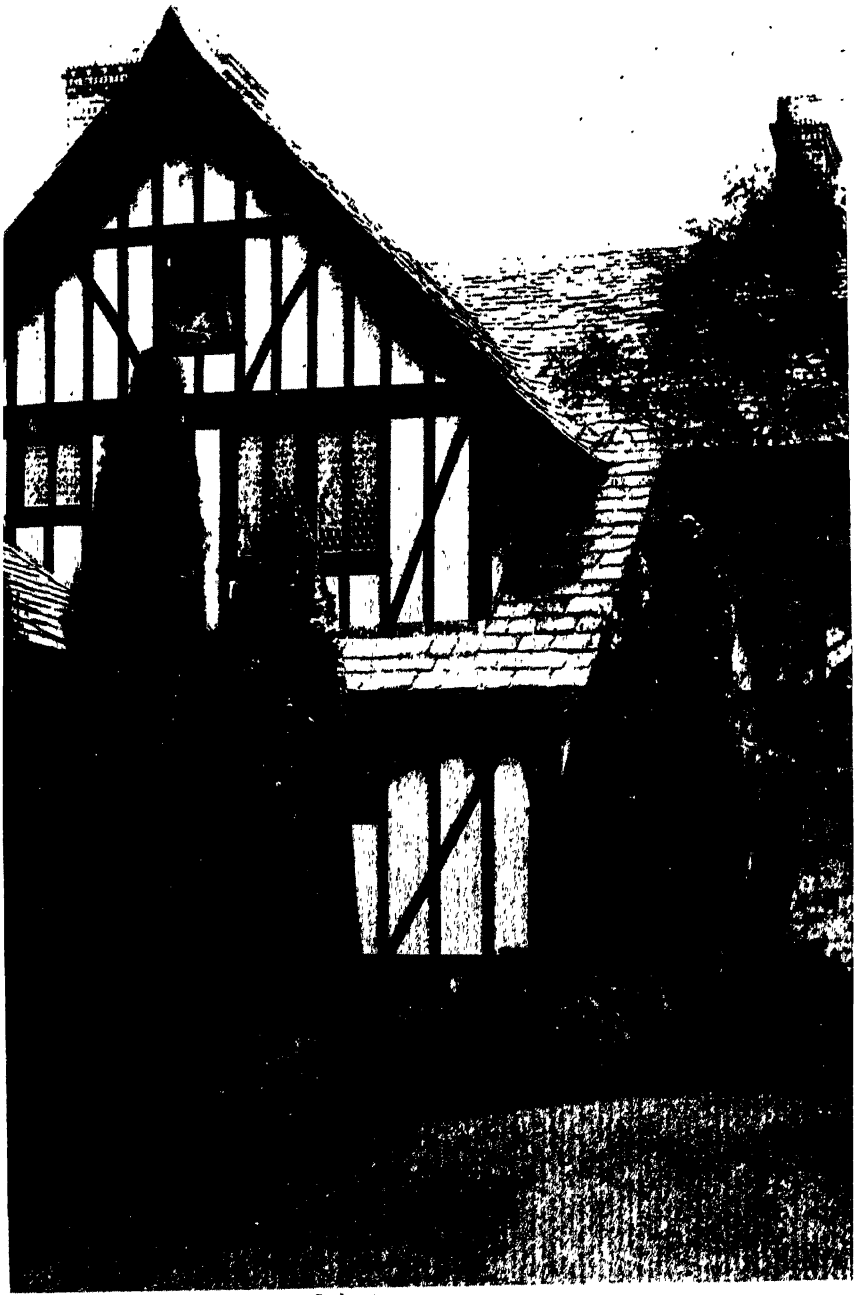
To dream of Box was ever a good omen of happy marriage, long life, and prosperity according to the astrologers of Shakespeare's time; and dreams of it must have been frequent for there was scarce a garden in all England without its cherished Box; and that clean pungency must have wafted in the mullioned windows of their casements and made sleep a sweet and fragrant thing.

Box was held dear by the maidens of Shakespeare's day for another reason—the leaves and dust of Boxwood "boyld in lye" would make the hair to be "of an Aboure or Abraham color" (in other words, auburn), according to Parkinson, the early English garden commentary. Who knows—perhaps Titan's women with their glorious hair, knew of this same secret. Sure it is that Boxwood grew in all their gardens, too.

The wood of Box is firm and beautiful and Renaissance artisans used it in fine inlay work and in musical instruments. Tablets for inscriptions to be long preserved were made of Boxwood, and the root was used for dagger hilts.

As someone says: "We can thank Heaven that there remains to us of the earlier gardencraft as beautiful a memorial as the Boxwood."

It is the most precious heritage we could receive from the long-ago days, for it is a green heritage of beauty and the spirit of home. The old hedges and knots of Colonial days are still alive. Some

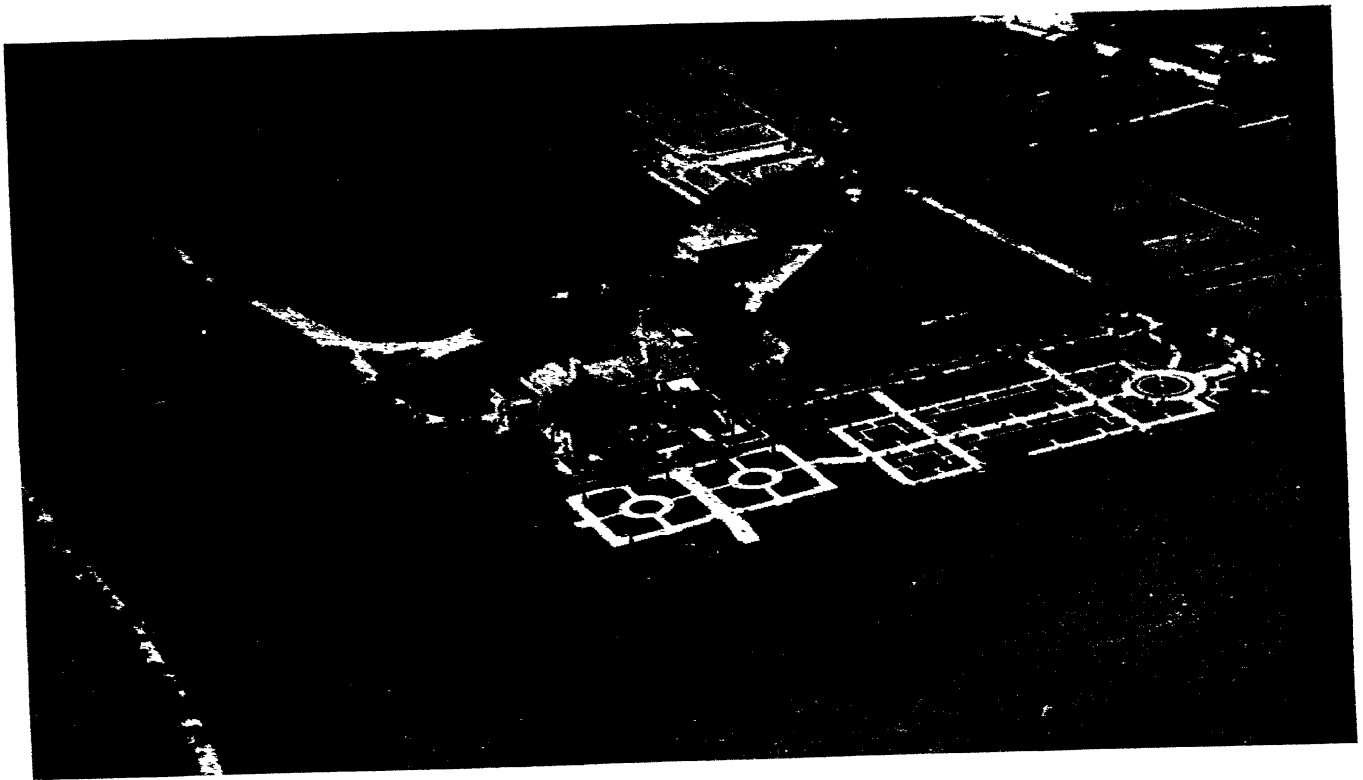


Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

A combination picture showing how old Boxwood can be used in connection with an English style house.

are cared for and loved. But let us rescue from the oblivion of tangled gardens, and ancient, forgotten cemeteries, and meadows that have spread over old-time terraces, those clumps which remain uncherished. They can transform any house by the strange and uncanny witchery of their presence into an American home. Fortunate, I say, is the man who has growing beside his doorway, or down beside his garden path an old Boxwood knot, for the charm that is there will be as hard a thing to dislodge from his garden "as a ghost story from a house."

"The legions of grass in vain would blot
The spicy Box that marks the garden row."



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

Aeroplane view of the French Boxwood garden of Edgar F. Luckenbach, at Sands Point, Fort Washington, L. I., as designed by Jacques Greber, of Paris.

RULES OLD AND NEW FOR THE CARE OF BOXWOOD

In the oldest gardener's calendar known there are some rules for the care of Boxwood, which still apply to our hedges and borders and knots of Box. We find these items in the

"KALENDARIUM HORTENSE
OR THE
GARD'NER'S ALMANAC

Directing What He Is to Do Monthly Throughout the Year.

MARCH: To be done In the Parterre
Plant Box in Parterres

APRIL: To be done
Toward the end (if the cold winds are past) and especially after showers, clip Alaternus, Cypress, Box, Myrtils, and other tonsile shrubs.

JULY: To be done
Clip Box in Parterres, Knots, and Compartiments if need be, and that it grows out of order; do it after Rain."

This advice, centuries old, still holds good; and to it might be added a word from two modern authorities.

"The growth (in formal Box edgings) must be regularly clipped each year. Stretch a line the whole length of the edging, so as to show the correct height; then cut evenly and neatly both top and sides. Box is easily grown and stands pruning with impunity."

Another gardener says: "Most amateurs clip Box edgings early in the spring. This causes an early growth which is just in condition to be nipped by a sharp, late frost. The safeguard is to delay clipping until the end of August. Then comes free, healthy



Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co, Landscape Gardeners

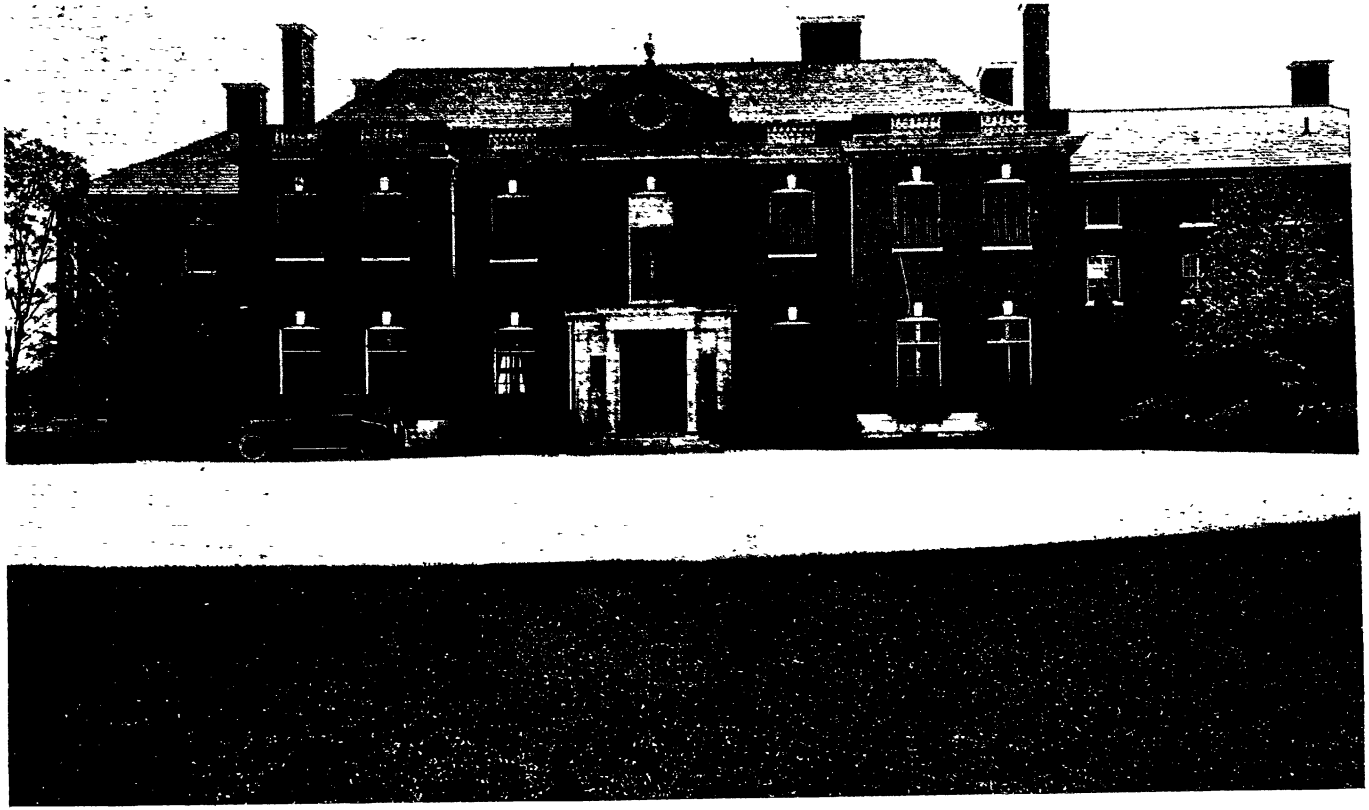
A foundation planting of groups of old Boxwood on the estate of Pierre S. DuPont, Wilmington, Del.

growth which renders Box-lined garden paths cheerfully and pleasant to the eye through times of heat and drought."

"Box can be grown in almost any soil, but prefers light soil with gravelly subsoil."

Its roots grow compactly and solidly and so the transplanting of enormous century-old bushes is practical by an experienced landscapist with the proper machinery and equipment. This makes it possible for historic plants, grown in gardens associated with tradition and legend, and now forlornly deserted, to be removed to happier, friendly gardens where they will be cherished like old masterpieces or like period furniture enriched with historical background.



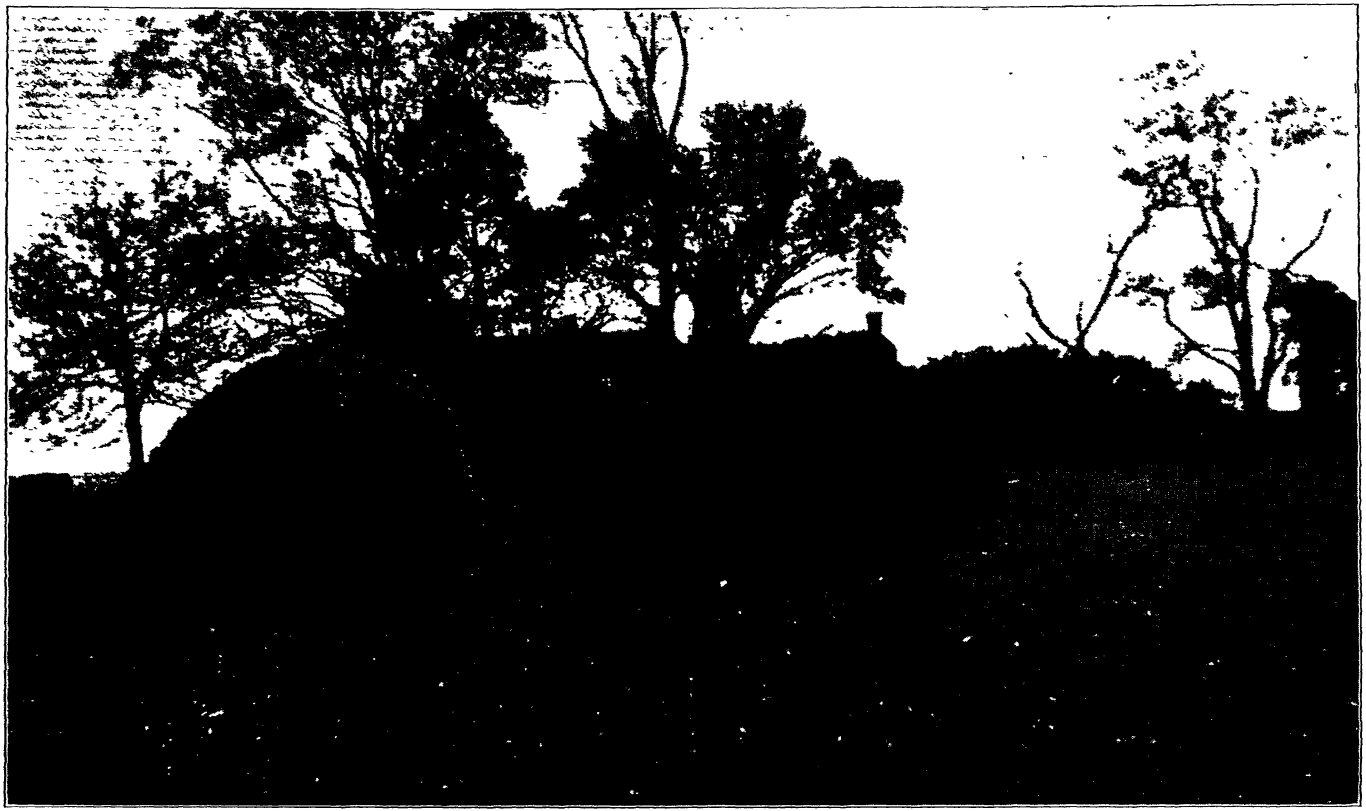


Courtesy of Lewis & Valentine Co., Landscape Gardeners

Colonial design, supplemented by the use of old Boxwood. Residence of Frank C. B. Page, Oyster Bay, L. I.



Large Boxwood Hedge Growing Near Philadelphia.



Large Boxwood Hedge Growing Near Baltimore.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Historic Gardens of Virginia—James River Garden Club.
Beautiful Gardens in America—Shelton.
Historic Houses and Their Gardens—Osborne.
Old-Fashioned Gardening—Tabor.
Old-Time Gardens—Earle.
The American Flower Garden—Blanchan.
Our Gardens—S R Hole.
Royal Palaces and Gardens—Nixon.
Italian Gardens of the Renaissance—Cartwright.
English Pleasure Gardens—Nicholas.
A Book of Old World Gardens—Hyatt.
Formal Gardens in England—Bloomfield.
The Shakespeare Garden—Singleton
The Lure of the Garden—Hawthorne.
Essay on Gardens—Steele.
Mediaeval Gardens—Alice Kemp-Welch
Some Gardens in Spain—Ely.
Upon the Garden of Epicurus—Sir William Temple
The Charm of Gardens—Calthrop.
Garden Anthology—Osgood and Wyndham.
A Garden of Peace—Moore.
The Book of Washington, D C.—Shackleton.
Also various diaries, memoirs, and biographies of the American Revolution and Civil War.


BANNER BOOK
BINDING CO.
St. Louis, Mo.